

ESSAYS

ON VARIOUS

SUBJECTS.

VOL. II.

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SUPPOSE A Y 25

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ON VARIOUS

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK

VOL. II.

LONDON

Printed for John and Francis Rivington

(No. 63) St. Paul's Church-Yard

MDCCLXXII

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W. B. R. 1811.

DIALOGUES.

VOL. II.

B

ESSAYS

SELECTED
DIALOGUES

DIALOGUES

Place will you like to live with
my children, when I shall
want to come from the family of the
Town, and receive the answer of every
father's day?

A little distance on the left side
of the highest Mountain, in the Kingdom
of Aethiopia.

Vol. II.

DIALOGUE I.

MY dear Friend Imagination, what Place will you allot for my Winter's Habitation, when I have a mind to retire from the Hurry of the Town, and review the Actions of every passing Day?

A little Hermitage, on the Eastern Side of the highest Mountain, in the Kingdom of *Katafscopia* *.

* Contemplation.

Order a Set of Ideas to be put to your rapid Chariot, and transport me thither as soon as you please; for I am already charmed with the Proposal.

A winding Path leads you by an imperceptible Ascent, through Groves of Laurels, Bays, Pines, Oaks, Cedars, Myrtles, and all Kinds of beautiful Ever-greens, with which the Sides of the Mountains are eternally covered, to an Apartment cut out in the Substance of the Rock, and consisting of two Rooms. You enter into the first, through an Arch hewn out, without much Art; and whose only Ornaments are the Ivy, with which it is almost entirely overgrown, and the chrystalline Icicles, which Winter hangs on the Inequalities of its Surface. The only Light that it receives, is through this Arch: and the Plainness of the Furniture is answerable to that of the Building. The Floor is covered with a Kind of Moss, that is always dry: and a Couch of the same goes round the Room. On the right Side, at the further

DIALOGUE I. 5

ther End, is a little Stone-Table, with the Hermit's usual Furniture, a Book, a Skull, an Hour-Glass, and a Lamp. Near the Mouth of the Cave is a Telescope: and on the left Side, a small Door opens into a little square Apartment, formed to indulge less melancholy Meditations. Opposite to the Entrance, are Shelves filled with Books, of a serious and moral Nature, that take up one Side of the Room. A Bed of plain white Dimity, with two Chairs of the same, is opposite to the Chimney, where a cheerful Wood Fire is continually blazing. Near the Fire is placed a little Table, and a low Seat, more for Convenience, than Show; and the Walls are covered with a white Paper, over which, a Vine seems to spread its leafy Shade.

You have described this Retirement to my Wish. A mere Hermitage would be too gloomy for a constant Dwelling. And yet there are many Hours in which the Solemnity of the outward Cell, with the Moon shining into it, and faintly gleaming

6 DIALOGUE I.

on its melancholy Furniture, would suit my Turn of Thought, better than the brightest Sun, glittering on the gayest Scenes.

I have not yet mentioned to you the most agreeable Circumstance of the outward Cell, its delightful and extensive View.

Is not that obstructed by the Groves of Ever-greens, through which you ascend, to this Seat of calm Wisdom?

It is placed high enough for the Spectator to look over their venerable Tops, and see the Current of Life, a wide extended Ocean, gliding swiftly along, at the Foot of the Mountain. Beyond it, but half concealed in Woods, lie the happy Islands, and the bleak and doleful Regions, where all that infinite Number of Barks, that cover this immense Ocean, sooner or later dislodge their weary Passengers. The Observations, you will make, from this Eminence,

DIALOGUE I. 7

nence, on the Course of the Sea, the various Rocks and Whirlpools, that make its Passage dangerous ; the Conduct of the Pilots, and the Behaviour of the Passengers, will give you important Instructions, for the Guidance of your own Bark. You may even see your own : and by a timely Observance, avoid every Danger, that threatens it, and improve every favourable Gale, to the best Advantage.

DIALOGUE II.

WHAT have you done, this Summer?

Rode, and laughed, and fretted.

What did you intend to do?

To learn Geography, Mathematics, Decimal Fractions and good Humour: to work a Screen, draw Copies of two or three fine Prints, and read Abundance of History: to improve my Memory, and restrain my Fancy: to lay out my Time to the best Advantage: to be happy myself, and make every Body else so. To read Voltaire's Newton, Whiston's Euclid, and Tillotson's Sermons.

Have

DIALOGUE II. 9

Have you read nothing ?

Yes : some of the Sermons ; Mrs. Rowe's Works ; the Tale of a Tub ; a Book of Dr. Watts's ; L'Histoire du Ciel ; Milton, and Abundance of Plays and idle Books.

Do you remember nothing of your Geography ?

Not so much as what belongs to England.

Mathematics——

Turn my Head.

And what is your fine Head good for ?

To wear a Pair of Brussel's Lappets, or spin out extravagant Imaginations and Fancies.

How does your Arithmetic go on ?

I have bought one of the best Books on the Subject.

And studied it ?

O no : I have not read a Page, in it.

This is the Way too, in which you study natural History ?

Yes : I have bought Reaumur's Works, and set them on my Shelves.

Well : but are you good humoured ?

O yes : mightily so, when I am pleased and entertained.

But a Trifle puts you out of Humour ?

Yes, perhaps it does : but then, I am ten Times more out of Humour with myself than with other People.

So that, upon the whole, you are satisfied with your Temper ?

Very tolerably, as the World goes ?

And

DIALOGUE II. 11

And do you not think yourself at all vain?

I do not think, what is commonly called Vanity, so terrible a Thing, as it is generally reckoned.

What do you mean by this?

I mean, that if it were possible, People ought to be as well acquainted with their own Characters, at least, as with those of other Persons; and therefore, ought to know their good Qualities, as well as their Faults.

This, in itself, is not Vanity: but it is the ready Path to it.

How so?

If you were standing on a high Hill, from whence you had two very different Views, one adorned with all that can make a Landscape beautiful; the other leading your Eye through barren Moors, dreary Caverns, and frightful Precipices: which

do you think you should spend most Time in looking at?

The Answer is a very clear one: If I had no Interest in either of the Views, I should admire the fine Landscape, and perhaps take a Copy of it.

Well, but suppose them both in your own Estate? You seem to think that would make some Difference, in your Way of Proceeding.

Yes to be sure, a very great one. In that Case, I should spend the greatest Part of my Time in considering, by what Methods I could level the Precipices, render the barren Heaths fruitful, and make that Part of my Estate as useful and delightful as the other: but still it would be necessary to observe the other Prospect, for this very Purpose of imitating it.

If you had not added this last Reason for looking at the gay Side of the View, you had proved, what was far from your
Inten-

DIALOGUE II. 13

Intention, that it is our Faults, and not our Perfections, which ought to claim our Attention.

There are twenty Reasons for this, besides that, which I mentioned. To continue your Allegory: with what Spirit do you think, it would be possible for a Man to set about so difficult a Work, as those Improvements must be, if he did not know, that he had an Estate sufficient to support the Expence, and an agreeable Place to retire to, when he was wearied with his less pleasing Employment?

This is but one of the twenty.

But it is strong enough to be equal to half a Score of less Weight. However, you shall have another——

There is no Need of it. I am sensible that a Man ought to know the true Value of what he possesses, both that he may enjoy it, with due Gratitude, to the Giver, and that he may take sufficient Care, to preserve

preserve it at least, and perhaps to improve it still further. But when this is granted, you will allow me, that it is very disagreeable for a rich Man, to be always boasting of the Greatness of his Estate, and the Magnificence of his Palaces.

Most certainly. Nor is it less disgustful to hear a Man, who is well known to all the World to have a very considerable Fortune, always complaining of his Poverty, and, under a feigned Humility, concealing the most hateful Pride.

So that, upon the whole, all Extremes ought to be avoided, even though, sometimes, they may seem to border upon a Virtue.

This is the rightest Conclusion in the World: but the Misfortune is, that it is no new Discovery of ours, but has been the allowed, and wise Precept of all Ages.

That

DIALOGUE II. 15

That does not make it at all the less valuable to us. Do not you think, we should be much happier in being able to follow the Maxim, than in being able to give it.

I should wish to be capable of both.

Pray, my dear, how old are you ?

Eighteen last May.

You have lived eighteen Years in the World, you say : pray may I enquire what you have done in all that Time ?

My Life has not, as yet, been one of much Action. I have been chiefly employed in laying in Provision of Knowledge and Sentiments, for future Years.

Well : Shall I examine your Magazine ? You will have Occasion for it all, and ought to have it chosen, with the utmost Care.

Which

16 DIALOGUE II.

Which will you look into first, my Heart or my Memory? Here are the Keys of both.

Your Memory, is next at Hand. It is a pretty Cabinet, and not of the smallest Size: but I have seen a Japan Cabinet kept in much better Order, though it was filled only with Shells.

I wish you would help me to set the Drawers a little in order. What do you meet with in the first?

Fragments of all Sorts and Kinds. Truly I think it is like a Museum: there are some valuable Things in it, but they are almost hid amongst mere Trash.—I need look no further. I perceive already, that your Memory is so idly filled, that your Wish of giving wise Maxims, is a very wild one. So I will conclude my Dear, with advising you, to be very well contented, if you can but follow those of other People.

D I A

DIALOGUE III.

COME to my Assistance, my Friend, my Adviser. I feel myself oppress'd and low-spirited, to the greatest Degree, all my Thoughts have a disagreeable Turn: my Employments seem burthensome, and my Amusements insipid. A Moment's serious Conversation with you, seems the only Thing that is likely to give me Relief.

I should little have thought, that your Situation in Life required Relief, or wanted any Assistance, to make you sensible of its Agreeableness.

I know, that I have every Reason, except that which arises from Merit, to think myself the happiest Creature in the World:
and

18 D I A L O G U E III.

and nobody can be more fully and more gratefully sensible of it than I am : nor is it my Reason, that complains.

It is not then your Situation in Life, that sinks your Spirits.

It is the very Situation, that answers Cowley's Wish, and mine : nor would I change with the greatest Princess.

Nor is it the Want of Friends to make that Situation agreeable.

In this Respect you know, that no Mortal was ever so remarkably happy as I am. No Body had ever, I believe, the Advantage of such amiable Examples of affectionate Care, guided by such excellent Sense and Goodness. I feel too much upon this Article to express it at all well : and my Thoughts flow in so fast, that I cannot find Words for them. But I was going to add, that nobody ever wanted this Advantage

D I A L O G U E III. 19

vantage so much as I do, whose too easy Temper might, perhaps insensibly, follow a bad Example, if Fortune had thrown it in my Way. But however that be, of this I am sure, that never was a Mind so helpless, so distressed as mine would be, if it had been left in this wide World, without Guides, who possess all my Love and Confidence.

Is it bad Health, then, that prevents your enjoying the Happiness, that seems to attend on all your Steps ?

Nothing less : I never knew a painful Illness. My Sleeps are sweet, and uninterrupted and those slight Disorders, to which I am sometimes liable, only serve to make me sensible of the Value of the great Share of Health and Ease, which I for the most part enjoy : and to show me the most engaging Instances of Goodness, in those about me. I speak this so seriously, that I believe I scarce ever had a
Fever

20 DIALOGUE III.

Fever or a Cough in my Life, that did not occasion me more Pleasure than Uneasiness: and the Hours of Retirement they have afforded me, are none of the least Obligations which I have to them.

DIA-

DIALOGUE IV.

WHAT is Vanity?

Ask your own Heart.

And is it very blameable?

It destroys all the Merit of every Thing that is good : and all the Grace of every Thing that is amiable.

But may not one love to be commended?

According as the Commendation is.

Methinks, now, it would be more Vanity to be so Self-sufficient, as not to wish the Suffrages of good and wise People, to make one satisfied, that ones Conduct is right.

But

22 D I A L O G U E I V.

But what can you say for the Pleasure, you feel upon being commended for Trifles, or approved by idle People?

Why, it is but common good Nature to wish to please every Body, without Exception, so far as it may innocently be done.

Yet Favour, you know, is deceitful.— And so far for Trifles: and in Things most important, remember the strict and solemn Charge, that we do not our good Actions before Men, to be seen of them.

Yet we are as strictly charged to let our Light shine before them, and to set them a good Example for the Honour of Religion.

Most true. The golden Medium must be found, nice as it is to hit, our highest Interest, our all depends upon it. If Praise be our Aim, Praise, the poor Praise of wretched Men shall be our barren Reward. Yet if timorously we hide our one

DIALOGUE IV. 23

Talent in a Napkin, even that shall be taken away from us.

How dreadful the Thoughts of missing that only Approbation, which it should be the Business of our Life to deserve! No natural Desire of the Friendship and Goodwill of our Fellow-Creatures can stand in Competition with that Fear.

Happy the cloystered Life, where the World is quite shut out: and Piety and Virtue are exercised in Solitude and Silence without any visible Eye to observe them!

That sure is an Extreme, the Extreme, of the buried Talent. Let me tell you what I think, must be the only Rule to go by.

Oh tell it: no Sound can be so welcome.

The Rule of Duty. Attend solely to that and let all Self-reflections alone.

How!

How! never examine my Conduct?
Never call my Follies to account?

Yes: but have you never read (with
Regard to Virtues) of “forgetting the
“Things that are behind, and ever pressing
“forward?”

Well: yet in an Hour of Sickness, Ad-
versity, Distress, may no glad Hope from
the Remembrance of having always acted
from a sincere right Intention, however
imperfectly pursued, cast its reviving Ray
athwart the Gloom?

The Comforts of a good Conscience are
no Vanity. There is them an *important*
Reality. But Cordials, in the Day of
Health, are Poisons.

Then be particular? what is this Rule of
Duty?

Whatever the Exigence of the present
Circumstance, most immediately and clearly
demands.

DIALOGUE IV. 25

demands. Pursue always one strait Path, without ever stepping out of the Way, either to attract Observation, or to avoid it.

What is the Rule in Cases of Charity?

Chuse to do Good in the most private Manner, whenever that is a Matter of Choice. But as this is, in many Cases, quite impossible, do as quietly as you can all the Good, that is incumbent on you: that is, all the Good you are capable of, in your Station, and without interfering, where you absolutely ought not to interfere. If you meet with Commendation for it, be if possible so much the more humble: as knowing those Seeds of Vanity to be in you, that may, upon the slightest Praise, have such a sad Effect, as to render the best you have done, less than nothing.

Alas, it is terrifying to consider, how many Persons have fallen, from not inconsiderable Advancement in Goodness,
VOL. II. C through

26 DIALOGUE IV.

through mere Presumption, and Self-opinion! And yet can one help wishing to please?

No certainly : there would be something savage in a contrary Disposition. But then, look to it, that this Desire be free from Vanity. It may be quite so.

Can it be without some Self-complacence in its Gratification?

It cannot be without some Sense of Pleasure : but from what? *Self*, in every one of us human Creatures, is the wretchedest, the poorest of Beings. The Pleasure results from a grateful Reflection on the Fulness and Bounty of that gracious Being, whose Gift alone is every thing, that can give us Delight, with every Capacity of tasting it.

In this View then, we may innocently desire, that his Gifts of some good Qualities to us, should be the Instruments of con-

DIALOGUE IV. 27

conveying his Gift also of some Benefit or Pleasure to our Fellow-Creatures; and that in Return, they should, in a lower Degree, be pleased with us.

I think so indeed.

But what say you to the Duty of setting a good Example, and contributing, so far as private Persons can, to keep Virtue and Religion in Countenance?

It is surely a very important one. But it requires a daily, hourly Guard over the Heart, to see that no secret Vanity poisons the good Intention.

And what is to be said of Affability, Good-Humour, easy Behaviour, and endeavouring to make ourselves agreeable?

Let but your whole Behaviour flow uniformly from one fixed Principle of Duty, and you may always be secure. Be therefore equally affable to all Kinds of People:

28. DIALOGUE IV.

study to please even those who are far from pleasing you: make yourself agreeable to those, whose Praise you are sure you do not seek. Study to oblige the Heavy, the Low, the Tedious; and in whatever Company you are, never aim at what is called Shining. Do all this, and you may very allowably strive to please in agreeable Company too: and may be satisfied, you act from sociable good Humour, and not from Vanity.

But tell me: is it possible to see one's self, in the right, and another in the wrong, without feeling a little Superiority?

Yes: if you will consider the Matter a little coolly over, you will see it to be very possible to adhere to your own better Judgment, without the least Triumph, and indeed with the truest Humility.

Instruct me, I beseech you.

Consider

DIALOGUE IV. 29

Consider first, this very Inclination to be over-pleased, is a very dangerous Weakness : One that you are ashamed to own, since any Expressions of Self-Esteem are contrary to all Rules of true Politeness; and true Politeness has its Foundation in the Nature of Things. Therefore, whenever you feel any Sentiment, that you should be ashamed to express, be assured that you ought equally to be ashamed of indulging it in Silence. The first Emotions of the Mind are, indeed, in some Measure, involuntary : the giving Encouragement to them is all, for which we shall be accountable, and the Thought may very commendably pass through the Mind, that becomes faulty if it dwells there. Self-Appause of any Thing ever so Praiseworthy is like Orpheus conducting Eurydice. It must needs accompany it : but if the Pleasure of looking back and admiring be indulged, the fair frail Object vanishes into nothing.

30 DIALOGUE IV.

So: While you take Breath after that Simile, let me ask a few more Questions.

I have not done with the last, yet. You will say, How can we be even the more humble for seeing other People's Faults?

Not improbably.

Why: Are we not Partakers of the self-same erring Nature? Are not we as liable to err as they?

No: Surely there is a Difference between Good and Bad, Knowing and Ignorant, Prudent and Rash.

Is there? Well: what do you imagine then of our first Parents, formed in the highest Perfection of uncorrupted Nature, conversant daily with celestial Visitors, and by them instructed?

I see

DIALOGUE IV. 31

I see your Inference, and it is strikingly just.—They fell.—What then are we? Yet we in this blessed Period of the World, in this its last two thousand Years, have higher Advantages, and surer Supports, and stronger Assistances.

Most true. But are these to make us vain, or to make us humble?

Humble, I own it. We have nothing, that we can call our own: Nothing that Pride and Self-Conceit may not forfeit: and the greater our Advantages, the more terrifying is the Possibility of losing them.

Reflect, in every History you read, what Impression it leaves on you of the Gross of Mankind. Then think, all these Passions, all these Weaknesses are originally, more or less in every one of us. If you were still liable to the Infection of the Small-Pox, and were hourly exposed to it in a Town, where it raged among almost all the Inhabitants, with what Kind of Senti-

ments should you see them labouring under all its dreadful Circumstances, and what Kind of Triumph and Self-Approbation should you feel, from your own high Health, and smooth Complexion?

I should only, with Fear and Trembling, double my Caution to preserve them, if possible.

And were you safe got through the Illness, how strong would be your Sympathy with those yet suffering?

Yet might I not, and ought I not to prescribe to them such Methods of Cure, or even of present Relief and Ease, as I had experienced to be most successful?

Yes: but would the Praise be your's, or your Physician's?

All Characters upon Record are not thus terrifying. We partake the same Nature with Saints and Heroes.

Can

DIALOGUE IV. 33

Can that raise any Vanity? A noble and an honest Pride it may: a glorious, a laudable Ambition to imitate their Virtues. But to see others of our own Nature mounted up so high, our Eye can scarcely follow them, is surely to us, poor dull and weak Creatures, of short Sight and feeble Pinion, mortifying enough.

You teach me the best Lesson, that can be learned from History, a deep, a practical, an unfeigned Humility. Society with all its various Scenes will teach the same: and all those Things, which if Vanity engross us, minister so abundantly to Self-Conceit, Contempt, Disdain, and every evil Disposition of the Heart, will, if Humility be our Directress, heighten in us every right Affection. Our Hearts will overflow with Gratitude to our supreme Benefactor, and pour themselves out in the most earnest Desires of his continual Assistance and Protection. They will melt with the kindest Commiseration to our erring Fellow-Creatures: and they will,

without forming one ambitious Scheme, be most happily and meekly content with whatever Situation Providence allots us.

This Disposition of Humility being thus valuable, let me add one Consideration more, which may help to confirm it, and may teach us to avoid that great Danger it incurs, from our knowing ourselves at any Time in the right. The more strong we are in our Opinion, the more lively our Dislike is of the opposite Error, Fault or Folly, the more humbled we should be at the Thought, (which in general is a certain Fact, though we are blind perhaps as to the Particulars) that however right we are in *this* Instance, in some others, too probably in very many others, we are quite as much in the wrong, as those we now despise and blame. Error is just as ugly in us, as in them: If our Sense of it be stronger, uglier still and more unpardonable. And yet how many have fallen themselves into the very Faults, they most violently condemned?

DIALOGUE IV. 35

How true is all this ! Let me add to it
a Thought, that just now rises to my Mind,
or rather a whole Group.

It is true, the Subject is inexhaustible :
but our Time you know was limited, and
the Clock is just striking.

36
DIALOGUE V.

LISAURA was complaining one Day to Paulina, that Happiness was no where to be found. How do you contrive, said she, to be so cheerful and easy, so constantly contented in your Appearance? When, I am convinced, that at the Bottom, you must have some lurking Dissatisfaction, some concealed Uneasiness, that secretly diffuses its Venom, over your Enjoyments?

It is true, said Paulina, my History is pretty extraordinary, and my Life has been crost by a thousand Accidents, that Reason and Religion apart, would make my Happiness appear doubtful enough. But prithee, Lisaura, how do you come to suspect it, who, I am persuaded, know
little

little of my real Story, and are young enough to judge of the Sincerity of other People's Appearance, by your own.

Why, it is from that very Cause, you name, replied Lisaura. In all the Bloom of Health and Youth, in all the Ease of Situation imaginable, I still perceive a Discontent, that preys upon my Heart. Sometimes, I am anxious for the long Futurity, even of common Life, that lies before me; that lies, like a wild unknown and barren Plain, wrapt up in thick Fogs of Uncertainty. Sometimes, I lose myself in melancholy Reflections on the past. My Cares, and Attentions, which then so busily engaged me, seem now such a Heap of Impertinences, and Follies, that I sicken at them, and at myself. And then, what a strong Presumption do they give one, even against those of the present Hour! That present Hour, how vain is it, how uneasy, what a very Trifle will entirely sour it! With all this, any Body that considered my Situation, in Life, would pronounce

nounce me happy. How then, can I be secure of the Happiness of any other Person?

Shall I tell you, answered Paulina, why you are not sure of your own?

Oh most willingly, cried Lisaura.

Well then, resumed Paulina—but come my Dear, tell me a little of the Assembly you were at, last Week.

The Transition is a little hasty, said Lisaura, smiling.

No matter for that, you will lose nothing by it, in the End: perhaps I may give you a more studied Discourse in the Afternoon.

Well then, what can I tell you, but that I was fatigued to the greatest Degree; and after long Expectation, and five Hours vain Pursuit of Amusement, came Home, at last, utterly dissatisfied.

Amuse-

DIALOGUE V. 39

Amusement? That is a very general Word: in what Shape did you think, that it was to appear to you?

Lisaura coloured, and Paulina went on.

Your Mistake, dear Lisaura, in Life, is the very same, that it was in this Assembly, and will lead you into the same dissatisfied Satiety. You, not you only, but most young People, form to yourself a general and vague Idea of Happiness, which, because it is uncertain, in its Being, is as variable as your Temper: So that whenever, you meet with any Thing, that does not exactly suit the present Humour, you imagine, you have missed of Happiness: and so indeed you have; but quite in a different Way. The perfect Idea of Happiness, belongs to another World: as such it is always to be kept in View, and therein consists the Point of *human* Happiness, which no Vicissitudes of human Affairs can alter.

But

But human Happiness has separate from this, a very real Existence, and has distinguishing Characteristics of its own. One of these is Imperfection: and a necessary one it is to be known. Our Business, in this World was not to sit down, and be satisfied, but to rub on through many Difficulties, and through many Duties, with just Accommodations enough to support us among them, in a cheerful Frame of Mind: such a cheerful and easy Frame of Mind, as is at all Times disposed to relish the Beauties of Nature, and the Comforts of Society, though not enough attached to them, to make the parting difficult.

To form any other Notion of Happiness than this, is a Folly that will punish itself. Duty excepted, all the Concerns of human Life are of slight Importance: and when once we have possessed our Minds of that Belief, all those mysterious Phantoms, that gave us such real Anxiety, will immediately disappear. The Opinion of the World, Figure, Obscurity, Poverty, Wealth,

DIALOGUE V. 41

Wealth, Contempt, Fear, Pain, Affliction, will appear to be momentary Concerns, and therefore little worth long Hours of serious Thought. Yet all these Things are worth so much, that just as far as Reason directs us, it is Matter of Duty to pursue, or avoid them. But when Choice has nothing to do, Content is every Thing. Content did I say? I should have added, Gratitude; for much indeed, the State even of this World deserves. For that, however, I will refer you to Dr. Barrow. He lies upon my Table, above Stairs: and has something in his Style so sweet, so strong and animated, that I cannot recommend you to a better Companion.

I have often been charmed with him at Home, replied Lisaura, and, as fond as you see me of idle Amusement, I am not insensible to the Excellencies of so grave an Author. I have been pleased to hear very good Judges call him the English Demosthenes: and I have felt a secret
Delight

42 DIALOGUE V.

Delight in hearing applied to this noble Orator, who (in Spite of those peculiar Expressions, which the Copiousness of his Diction seems to call in, from all Parts) has so often warmed me with Sentiments unknown before, what Longinus says of the other, That one might as well face the dazzling Lightening, as stand against the Force of his Eloquence.—Bless me, how do I run on! You were teaching me, to be happy, pursue the Lesson. I have done.

I'll tell you then, my dear Lisaura: attend to me. Convinced by Reason and Religion, that the Evils of Life are mere Phantoms, prepare yourself with Resignation, to submit to them, with Constancy to support them. To lay in such a Stock of Strength, you must call in the Assistance of many a leisure Hour, of many a serious Thought, of many an earnest Resolution. By these Means, all will grow clear in your own Mind: Reflection will become

DIALOGUE V. 43

become your best Friend, and most agreeable Companion, and whatever Destiny attends you, you will acquiesce in it with Pleasure.

But your Misfortune is that of a splenetic Constitution : a Day's slight Disorder, a heavier Temperament of the Air immediately affects you so, as to alter, to your Fancy, the whole Frame of Nature. Fix it well in your Mind, that these gloomy Imaginations are deceitful. The bountiful Creator was not mistaken, when pleased with his completed Work, he declared that " All was good." The Scheme of Providence and Nature is infinitely so ; and its Contemplation is an inexhaustible Source of Delight. Life has its gloomy Scenes, but to the Good, they only prove an awful Exercise of Duty supported, all the while, by the Assurance of Reward. Life has its cheerful Moments too, which, to the Good no Sorrow can embitter. Thus whilst the Pleasures of Religion, of Benevolence,

44 DIALOGUE V.

volence, of Friendship, of Content, of Gratitude, of every innocent Gaiety, of free Society, of lively Mirth, of Health, and all those infinite Objects of Delight, which smiling Nature offers us; whilst these are real and substantial Enjoyments, that Ill, which we might fear, from the Deprivation of some of them, and even of Life itself, is proved to be a mere imaginary Terror. This, we have numberless Opportunities, of knowing. But, blinded by Passion, or weakened by Constitution, we perpetually run into the common Mistake. We form, to ourselves, such a false Idea of human Happiness, that when we might behold, and be favoured by the Goddess herself, we fly from her, in a Fright, because she is not adorned just with those Trappings, in which our Fancy had dressed her out. Restless we still shift from Place to Place, to find what we do not know, when we see it: and restless we shall ever be, if for a Fit of the Spleen, or an unanswered Wish, we imagine, that
 a just

DIALOGUE V. 45

a just Degree of Happiness is not within every Body's Reach. My dear Lisaura, if you have any Sense of Gratitude to that Providence, which formed you for Happiness, avoid this gloomy Error. Let refined Reason fix your Judgment, and then, let common Sense direct your Practice.

TALKING over the

Every Day should be

Never make a

Every Day try to do what you can
 OCCASIONALLY
 form another as fast as a spider does
 Webs. But never be anxious or uneasy
 and if the Day be very unpropitious

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

TALKING over idle Vexations, only make them worse.

Every Day should be single, unconnected with the rest, and so bear only the Weight of its own Vexations.

Never make a Groupe of them, nor look backwards or forwards on a Series of disagreeable Days: but be always content to make the best of the present.

Every Day try to do what you can, and try in earnest, and with Spirit. Scorn to be discouraged: and if one Scheme fails, form another, as fast as a Spider does Webs. But never be anxious or uneasy: and if the Day be very unpropitious, and
nothing

nothing will do, even be contented, and easy, and cheerful, as having done the best you could. For, perpetually trying and aiming to do proper Things, keeps up the Spirit of Action, which is the important Point, and preserves you from the Danger of falling into heartless Indolence, to the full as well as if you really did them : and as for the particular Things themselves, it is not a Pin matter. But always carry an easy smiling Look, and take nothing to Heart.

There is scarcely any Thing which a sincere Endeavour directed by the hearty Conviction of real Duty, will not in Time accomplish : since an Endeavour so directed will be accompanied by persevering humble Prayer : and to persevering Prayer joined with sincere Endeavours, Success is infallibly promised.

Considering Life in its great and important View as the Probation for a Passage to Eternity—and this is the just and true

48 OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

true Way of considering it—of what Signification is it, whether it be passed in Town or Country: in Hurry or in Retirement: in Pomp or Gaiety, or in quiet Obscurity? Of none: any further than as these different Situations hurt or improve the Mind: and in either of them a right Mind may preserve, or even improve itself.

What is then of Consequence? Why, that wherever, or however Life is past, it should be reasonably and happily: Now to this nothing is necessary but a true practical Sense of Religion, an easy good Humour, cheerful Indifference to Trifles of all Kinds, whether agreeable or vexatious: and keeping one's self above them all, suitably to the true Dignity of an immortal Nature.

Now in a quiet private Life one certainly may be reasonable, religious, friendly, good-humoured, and consequently, happy.

In great Life one may be thus good too, and very useful besides, and consequently very happy also. But this Way of Life is more dangerous, and has too strong a Tendency to dissipate the Mind, and deprave the Heart.

Upon the whole, every State of Life is equal. Providence orders all: and therefore in every one, those who cheerfully, and resignedly accommodate themselves to its Orders, may, and must be happy. Why then this vain Care and Anxiety, about what it does not belong to us to look forward to? The Good and Evil, and the right Improvement of the present Day is what it is our Business to attend to. If we make the best of that, we are sure all will, and must go well. If we put ourselves by vain Distrust and useless Foresight, out of a right Temper To-day, every To-morrow will be the worse for it.

We had need often, perpetually to be recollecting what are our Duties, and our

VOL. II.

D

Dangers,

30 OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

Dangers, that we may fulfil the one, and avoid the other: but never with anxious or uneasy Forecast. We must consider the Difficulties of the State of Life we are likely to be in, not because every other State of Life has not as many, for all are pretty equal, but because those peculiarly belong to us.

Dwelling much in our Thoughts on other People's Unreasonableness, is a Sort of Revenge, that like all other Revenge, hurts ourselves more than them. However to talk over Things sometimes a little reasonably, and see how the Truth stands, is a very allowable Indulgence: but it must not be allowed too often.

Trying to convince People in Cases where they are prejudiced, though ever so unreasonably, be it by Temper, Humour, or Custom, is a vain and an idle Attempt. One should be satisfied if one can, quietly and unperceived, over-rule those Prejudices, where it is necessary in Practice; and not aim at the poor Triumph of showing them,

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS. 51

that they are in the Wrong, which hurts,
or puts them out of Humour.

It is mere cheating one's self to take
Things easily and patiently at the Time,
and then repine and complain in looking
back upon them. This is to enjoy all the
Pride and Self-Appause of Patience, and
all the Indulgence of Impatience.

Occasional Troubles
that they are in the wrong, which leads
of punishment out of the heart
It is more obvious and felt in the
things easily and patiently in the heart,
and then repine and complain in looking
back upon them. This is to enjoy the
Pride and Self-Appraisal of riches and
as the indignity of impotence.

PROSE PASTOR

PROSE

PASTORALS

PROSE PASTORALS.

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PASTORAL I.

THYRSIS.

O With what Envy do we see the young
 Hunters hastening by us in Pursuit of
 their youthful Prey ! While we are confined,
 as it were, to one Spot, they measure with
 swift Steps the whole fair Country round ;
 and the Speed of their Horses seems equal
 to that of the Winds. The Hills echo to
 the enlivening Sound of their Horns, and
 the cheerful Cry of their Dogs. The ti-
 morous Hares scud away before them :
 they feel not the Coldness of the Air : and
 when they return Home, they have all
 Things in plenty. We have the same
 Dispositions, for Mirth and Entertainment,
 with them—Why, why should there be

this Difference between one Man's Station,
and another's ?

COLIN.

Why rather, O Thyrsis, O misjudging
Thyrsis, do you envy them a Pleasure,
they so dearly buy ? Not long ago, I was
tending my Flock, upon the Brow of the
Hill. These Hunters passed by me in
great Mirth, and high Gaiety. Amongst
them was a very handsome Youth, the
only Son of a fond Mother. He guided
an unmanageable Horse, and guided it
without Discretion. Just upon the Edge
of a Precipice, the unruly Creature took
Fright.—I saw the Youth brought back,
lifeless, pale and disfigured. The great
Possessions, to which he was born, were no
longer of any avail to him : while I poor
humble Shepherd salute the rising Sun,
and enjoy Life and Health.

THYRSIS.

Those Accidents, timorous Colin, do not
happen every Day. But at least I may
envy

PASTORAL I. 57

envy those Idlers, whom I see, in perfect Safety, diverting themselves upon the Common. They have no severe Master to give an Account to, for their Time: They are well clothed and better fed.

ALCMON.

O Thyrsis, they have a Master, to whom they are accountable, superior to those Sort of Masters, you mean. A Master that looks upon us with as favourable an Eye, as he does upon them. A Master, to whom, the greatest King upon his Throne, is but an upper Servant, and has a heavier Task, because he is able to do more than you, and I. These Idlers, whom you envy, are perhaps not so happy, as you fancy them to be.

COLIN.

I saw Clorinda cross some Meadows, the other Day, with an Air, that expressed little Happiness. There were a large Company of them together: all People of

prosperous Fortunes, all idle, and at Ease. The young Nymph went a good Way before all her Companions: her Garments glittered in the Sun, with Silk and Gold. She seemed to shun Conversation: her Eyes were fixed upon the Ground: her Look was pale and melancholy, and, every now and then, she would sigh, as if her Heart was breaking.

THYRSIS.

Clorinda's Melancholy is easily understood. Urania and she were once inseparable Companions: that favourite Friend of her's is lately dead: I heard Dameris tell the unhappy Story. But Clorinda has a thousand Consolations. If one of us loses his Friend or Brother, he loses his all. We have nothing else that Fortune can deprive us of.

ALCMON.

Thyrsis, I like your Ingenuity: you show some Skill in defending a bad Cause. Colin.
and

and you shall both come Home with me.
When it is no longer a Matter of Dispute,
I hope you will come over to the happier
Opinion. Believe me, Shepherd, we, of
low Condition, are free from a Multitude
of unknown Evils, that afflict the Rich
and Great, and are more terrible to them
than Storms and Tempests are to us : more
grievous than Labour, and honest and in-
dustrious Poverty.

PASTORAL II.

THE Sun was hid by wintry Clouds :
 the Wind blew Sharp and Cold :
 the Flocks were browsing on the Heath,
 when Colin and Thyrsis, two young Shep-
 herds, who kept them, sat down upon a
 Bank beneath the Shelter of a Holly Bush;
 and fell into much Discourse. Methinks,
 said Thyrsis, it is but a sad Life, that we
 poor Wretches lead, exposed at all Times
 to the Severities of the Weather : in Sum-
 mer parched with Heat, and pinched by
 Frosts in Winter. While other young Peo-
 ple are diverting themselves in the Villages,
 we roam about solitary here, on the wild
 Common, and have nothing to attend to,
 but our straggling Sheep.

And

PASTORAL II. 61

And yet, answered Colin, as hard as our Life is, you see how old Alcmon loves it; who has fed his own Flock for fifty Years, and maintains that he is happier than a King.

I am, replied Thyrsis, but newly come into this Country, and have little Knowledge of the neighbouring Shepherds: but I should be glad to see one, who could convince me, I was happy.

See then, said Colin, where Alcmon comes hither most opportunely. And thereupon calling to the good old Man, Father, cried he, here is a young Shepherd, who wants your Instructions, how to live contented.

Son, said the old Man, sitting down by them, I accept of that Name, and of the Office, you have given me: for I wish well to all young People: and as I am happy myself, I would fain have others so.

A hard

62 PASTORAL II.

A hard Task you will have Father, interrupted Thyrsis, to make People happy, who have no one Enjoyment or Diversion in Life; but must slave out their Days in the Service of their Masters, who divert themselves the while, and live at Ease.

Good Thyrsis, said Colin, listen but to Alcmon and you will be convinced, as I have been.

Nay rather, said Alcmon, let him make his Complaint to me: do you answer him from your own Experience, and whichever of you best defends his own Cause, shall come and sup with me at Night. There we will enjoy ourselves in honest Mirth by a warm Fire, and forget all the Toils of the Day. Thyrsis agreed to the Proposal and began.

THYRSIS.

Alas how gloomy are the Skies! How hollow is the whistling of the Wind in
De-

PASTORAL II. 63.

December! Are these the Scenes to entertain a youthful Fancy? The Trees are stript of all their Leaves: the very Grass is of a Russet Brown. The Birds sit silent and shivering on the Branches. All Things have an Air of Poverty and Desolation. Alas how tasteless is the Shepherd's Life. His Meals are short, and his Sleep soon interrupted. He rises many Hours before the cheerful Day begins to dawn; and does not return Home, till the cold Night is far advanced.

COLIN.

But then how delightful is the early Spring! How reviving the Advances of Summer. The Sky grows clear, or is only overspread with thin, white, curdling Clouds. Soft Showers descend upon the withered Grass, and every Meadow seems to laugh. The gay Flowers spring up in every Field and adorn it with beautiful Colours. The Lambkins frisk around us, and divert us with their innocent Gaieties.

The

The Shepherd's Life is as innocent as theirs. If his Meals are plain, they are hearty: if his Sleep is short, it is both sound and sweet. He rises refreshed in the Morning, and sees the Day come on by gradual Advances, till the whole East is streaked with purple Clouds. When Night succeeds, he beholds the immense Vault of Heaven: he admires the Lustre of the Stars, and in vain tries to reckon their Number. While they glitter over his Head, he has no Cause to fear any ill Influences from them, since his whole Life is harmless and industrious, and renders him the Care of Providence.

PASTORAL III.

PHILLIS and Damaris were two country Lasses, the Pride of the Village where they lived : both handsome to Perfection, but exceedingly different. The unaffected Damaris had no Attention but to assist the Infirmities of an aged Parent, whom severe Illness confined to his Cottage, while she tended his Flock, by the Wood-side. Her Hands were generally employed in some useful Work : and while she knit, or spun to procure her old Father a more tolerable Subsistence, the Cheerfulness of her Songs exprest a contented Heart. Her Dress, though very poor, was always neat and clean : she studied no Ornament in it, and if the Neighbours commended her Person, she lent them very little Attention.

Phillis

66 PASTORAL III.

Phillis had been bred up under a careless Mother. She was exceedingly pretty, and knew it mighty well. On Holidays nobody so spruce as she. Her Hat was wreathed with Flowers or Ribbands : every Fountain was consulted for her Dress, and every Meadow ransacked to adorn it. From Morning till Night she was dancing, and sporting on the Green : all the Shepherds courted and admired her, and she believed every Word they said. Yet she felt many a Discontent. Sometimes her Garland would be less becoming than she wished it : sometimes she would fancy that a favourite Shepherd slighted her : or, that a newer Face was more admired than her's. Every Day was spent in the Pursuit of Gaiety : and every Day brought with it some Disquiet. She was one Morning sitting very pensive under a Poplar, tying up a Nosegay, when she heard Damaris, who was concealed from her, only by the Shade of some Bushes, singing, with a merry Heart, a Song in praise of Industry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the Midst of
it.:

PASTORAL III. 67

it: and when she went towards her, found her busy in plying the Distaff, which was fixed in her Side: when thus the gay Maid began.

PHILLIS.

How is it possible, Damaris, that you should be always so merry in leading a Life of such Drudgery? What Charms can you find in it? How much better would it become your Years to be dancing at the May-pole, where some rich Farmer's Son might probably fall in Love with you.

DAMARIS.

Ah Phillis, I prefer this Way of Life, because I see you very unhappy in your's. For my own part I have never a Moment's Uneasiness. I am sensible, I am doing what I ought. I see myself the Comfort of a good old Father, who supported my helpless Infancy, and now wants this Return of Duty in his decrepid Age. When
I have

68 PASTORAL, III.

I have pinned the Fold at Night, I return
Home, and cheer him with my Sight. I
dress his little Supper and partake it, with
more Pleasure, than you have at a Feast.
He in the mean Time tells me Stories of
his younger Days, and instructs me by his
Experience. Sometimes he teaches me a
Song like that, I was singing just now:
and on Holidays, I read to him out of
some good Book. This, Phillis, is my
Life. I have no great Expectations, but
every cheerful Hope, that can make the
Heart light and easy.

PHILLIS.

Well Damaris: I shall not dispute your
Taste. My Father is well enough, by his
own Labour, to provide for his Family:
and my Mother never set us the Example
of Working. 'Tis true we are poor: but
who knows what good Fortune may throw
in our Way. Youth is the Time for Mirth,
and Pleasure: and I do not care how
hardly I fare, provided I can get a Silken
Lining

PASTORAL III. 69

Lining to my Hat, and be Lady of the
May next Year.

DAMARIS.

O Phillis, this is very pretty for the present: but in what will it end? Do you think that Smoothness of Face will always last? Yon decrepid old Woman, that limps upon her Crutches, was once, they say, as handsome as you. Her Youth pass'd without engaging anybody in a real Affection to her: yet her good Name was lost, among the Follies she engaged in. Poverty and Age came on together: she has long been a Burden to the Village, and herself. If any Neighbour's Cow is ill, all Suspicions of Witchcraft fall upon her. She can do nothing to maintain herself: and everybody grudges her what she has.

PHILLIS.

Ill-natured Damaris, to compare me with
Hag, that all the Country abhors. I
wish

70 PASTORAL III.

wish you would come to the Pastimes:
They would put you in a better Humour.
Besides you would there hear what the
Shepherds say to this Phillis, whom you
are pleased to despise so.

DAMARIS.

I do not despise you Phillis: but I wish
you well, and would fain see you as happy
as myself. That fine green Stuff, your
Gown is made of, would become you
much better if it was of your own Spinning.
—But I talk like an old Man's Daughter,
and am little heeded. Go pretty Butterfly,
and rejoice in the Summer of thy Days:
let me like the homely, but industrious
Ant, lay up some Provision for the Win-
ter.

[71]

PASTORAL IV.

IMAGINE honest Friends, that in-
stead of a little Book, I am a good hu-
moured Neighbour, come to spend an
Hour with you in cheerful Chat. Do not
look upon me as one that is come to read
you grave Lectures of Religion and good
Behaviour: But give me the Welcome of
an agreeable Companion. Is it in a Sum-
mer's Holiday, you take me up? Come:
let us go out into the Fields, sit down un-
der some shady Tree, and while the Sun
shines, and the Birds sing round us, let us
talk over all, we have to say. Or is it a
Winter's Evening? Draw your Seats about
the Chimney; throw on another Faggot,
make a cheerful Blaze, and let us be com-
fortable. What is it, to us here, if the
Wind

Wind blows and the Rain beats abroad ? Since we cannot work, let us divert ourselves, but let us divert ourselves in a harmless reasonable Way, that we may turn this idle Time to as good Account, as the busiest.

Come: what shall we talk of ? Of Happiness ? there cannot be a pleasanter Subject. Where is it to be had, this Happiness, and how shall we come by it ?

Where is it to be had ? Why, every where, so we can but command our Thoughts, and do our Duty : serve God cheerfully, and make the best of our Lot.

It may be, good Neighbour, you are old, lame, sickly, have a large Family, and little to maintain them. Alas poor Neighbour ! yet still it is ten to one you may be happier, than many a Nobleman, and many a Prince. I suppose you honest and religious. Why then the better Half is secure : your Mind is easy. You have no Load upon your Conscience, and no
need

PASTORAL IV. 75

need to be afraid even of Death. But cannot your Condition be, any way, mended? Content is a good Thing: yet Success in honest Endeavours is a better. There is no need of sitting sadly down, and acquiescing in a miserable Lot, till, upon mature Consideration, we find it to be really the Will of Providence that we should; and then, let me tell you, dear Friend, God's Will is kinder to us, than our own Wishes. When we submit patiently to Sorrows and Hardships, not out of Laziness, nor out of Despair, nor out of thoughtless Helplessness, we then trust our Souls to him, in well doing. We act a commendable Part, which our great Master will approve: and we may have a cheerful Confidence in his Mercy, that all Things shall work together for our Good. Come: pluck up your Spirits my Friend, and let us see whether the Part, that falls to you is to mend your Condition, or to bear it.

74 PASTORAL IV.

First you are old.—Well, that is a Fault that Time will not mend indeed—but Eternity will mend it, honest Friend. The Period will come when your Youth shall be renewed : when you shall be young, and lusty as an Eagle, and these gray Hairs and Wrinkles shall be succeeded by immortal Bloom. In the mean Time, so much of your Life is well over : you are got so far on your Journey, through this Vale of Tears. You can reflect with Pleasure on a great many good Actions, and pious Dispositions : and it peculiarly becomes old Age to meditate much upon those Subjects, which are of all others, the most noble and delightful. Heaven is the Object, that should be always in their View. What a Prospect is that ! What, think you should be the Joy of a Sea-faring Man, when, after a long, stormy Voyage, he is come within Sight of the Port ? Suppose a young Man had an Estate left to him, which he had never seen. Suppose he had been travelling a thousand Miles to come to it : that he had met with perpetual bad
Wea-

PASTORAL IV. 75

Weather, by the Way, and dirty Roads : that he was faint, and well nigh wearied out : and that just then he comes to the Brow of a dry, sandy Hill, bleak and unpleasant in itself, but from whence the Prospect first opened upon him, of that fair Place, he is going to enjoy. Suppose he sees the tufted Woods crowned with the brightest Verdure : suppose he sees, among them, glittering Spires, and Domes, and gilded Columns : and knows that all these shall be his own. With what Pleasure will he survey the gentle winding Rivulets gliding through fertile Meadows : the Borders gay with Flowers of every Kind : the Parks and Forests filled with all Sorts of excellent Fruits : the Castles, and Pleasure-Houses, which he knows to be rich with magnificent Furniture : and, what is above all, where he knows that his best and most beloved Friends, and a delightful Society, whom he longs to be amongst, are waiting with kind Impatience to receive him : Think you, that he will have Leisure to attend to the little Inconveniencies of the

present Moment? Will not his Thoughts fly forward, faster than his Legs can carry him, to this blessed Inheritance? Yet how poor are such Riches, and Pleasures, compared with the certain Expectations of the *poorest old Man*, that is pious and virtuous.

A FAIRY

A FAIRY TALE.

A Number of Boys were diverting themselves one fine Day in a Meadow, when a wrinkled old Woman came up to them, and stopt their play. Her Looks were unpleasing, and her Interruption unseasonable. One of the biggest, who had been taught by his Tutor to respect her, addrest her very civilly: but of the little Urchins some ran away frighted, and hid themselves: and others very insolently laugh'd at her, and call'd her old Witch. Little George, the youngest of them all, a very pretty, good humoured Lad, held by the Hand of the eldest, (who, he thought, as he had always been his Friend, would protect him) and listened: but a little afraid too, and not much liking either her Looks, or the being

78 A FAIRY TALE.

hindered of his play: however he was too well bred to say any Thing rude. She smiled, and taking his other Hand, do not be afraid of me, my dear Child, said she, for though those idle Boys yonder call me Crossness, and Severity, my true Name is *Instruction*. I love every one of you: and you, my little Dear, in particular, and my whole Business is to do you Good. Come with me to my Castle, and I will make you as happy, as the Day is long.

Little George did not know how to trust her, but as he saw his Friend Henry disposed to follow the old Lady, he even ventured along with them.

The Castle was an old melancholy looking Building, and the Path to it very much entangled, with Briars and Thistles: but the old Woman encouraged them in a cheerful Tone to come along: and taking out a large Key, which had several strange Words engraved upon it, she put it into the Door, which immediately flew open, and

A FAIRY TALE. 79

and they entered a spacious Hall magnificently furnished. Through this they passed into several Apartments, each finer and pleasanter than the other: but to every one they ascended by steep Steps, and on every Step strange, and unknown Words were engraved.

Perhaps you would be glad to know some more Particulars of these Apartments: and indeed I should have told you, that as soon as they entered the great Hall, she made them sit down to a pretty Collation of Plumb-cakes, Biscuits and Sweetmeats, which were brought in Baskets covered with Flowers, by four smiling, rosy cheeked Girls, called *Innocence, Health, Mirth, and Good-Humour*. When they were sufficiently refreshed, the old Lady returned to them, in a finer Dress, and with a much more pleasing Look. She had now a Wand in her Hand, of Ivory, tipped with Gold, and with this she pointed out to them the Ornaments of the Room. It was supported by strong, but handsome

80 A FAIRY TALE.

Pillars of Adamant ; and between the Pillars, hung Festoons of Fruit and Flowers. At the upper End, were Niches, with very beautiful Statues in them. The principal one was *Truth*. It appeared to be of one entire Diamond, and represented the most beautiful Woman, that ever Eyes beheld. Her Air was full of Dignity and Sweetness : In one Hand she held a Scepter, in the other a Book, and she had an imperial Crown on her Head. The old Fairy gently touched this Figure with her Wand, and immediately it stepped down from the Pedestal, and began to speak. No Music was ever so pleasing as the Voice of Truth. She addrest herself to our little Hero, and examined him in his Catechism. As he had formerly been a little idle, he could not say it so well, as, at that Minute, he wished to do.—Little Wretch, said the old Fairy frowning, why do you answer so stupidly ? Have you never been taught ? Here was a Loop-hole through which a Boy, of a cowardly Spirit, might have crept out, by pretending, that his Tutor
had

A FAIRY TALE. 81

had been in Fault, and not himself. But little George scorned to tell a Lye: nor could he be so base as to excuse himself, by accusing an innocent Person. Therefore, though trembling for Fear of the old Fairy, and her Wand, he answered, Indeed, Madam, I have been often bid to learn it, but I loved my Diversions so well, that I never could apply to it.—Here the old Fairy, smiling, kissed him, and said, my dear Child I forgive your past Idleness, in Favour of your noble Honesty. A Fault honestly owned is half amended, and this Nymph shall reward you.

Immediately *Truth* gave him a little Catechism bound in Silver enamelled, a Pocket Bible with Ruby Clasps, and a small Looking-Glass in a Gold Case. In these Books, my Dear, said she, you shall find constant Directions from me, which, if you follow, will make you good, and great, and happy. If you never offend against me, I will be ready to assist you in all Difficulties. If ever you should be tempted to offend me,

look in this Glass. If you see yourself in it in your own natural Figure, go on contentedly, and be sure you are under my Protection. But if you see yourself in the Form of a Slave, and a Monster, greasy, ragged, loaded with Chains: a double Tongue hanging out of your Mouth, and a Pair of Ass's Ears on your Head, tremble to think, that you are got into the Power of the wicked Enchanter *Falsehood*. Retract the Lye you have told: stand still wherever you are: call out aloud for my Assistance: and do not stir from the Spot you are in, till I come to help you. So saying, the bright Form re-ascended her Pedestal: and four others, who stood on each Hand, being touched by the Fairy Wand, moved towards him.

The first was a young Woman clothed in a long white Robe, perfectly neat and plain. She had fine flaxen Air, and blue Eyes, which were fixed on the Ground. A white Veil shaded her Face; and her Colour went and came every Minute. She
advanced

A FAIRY TALE.

83

advanced with a slow Pace, and spoke in a Voice very low, but as sweet as the Nightingale's.

My Name, said she, is *Modesty*. I have no Merit, but perhaps as you are so young, it may be in my Power to be of some little Use to you. Before you get to the Top of this Castle, you will see many strange Things, and be bid to do many Things, of which you do not understand the Reason. But remember, that you are very young, and know nothing : and that every Body here is wiser than you. Therefore observe attentively all that you see ; and do readily all that you are bid. As you have recommended yourself to *Truth*, we her Handmaids are ready to give you all the Assistance we can ; and you will need it all.

Above all Things fear *Disgrace*. It is a filthy Puddle in the Neighbourhood of this Castle, whose Stains are not easily wiped off. Those, who run heedlessly, or

84 A FAIRY TALE.

wilfully into it, after repeated Warnings, grow in Time so loathsome, that no Body can endure them.

There is an Enchantress, you will meet with, called *Flattery*, who will offer you a very pleasant Cup. If you drink much of it your Head will turn : and while you fancy yourself a most accomplished Person, she will touch you with her wicked Wand, and immediately you will be metamorphosed into a Butterfly, a Squib, or a Paper-Kite. But as, perhaps, you must taste her Cup, take this Nosegay of Violets : and as you find your Head a little giddy smell to it, and you will be so refreshed, that she will have no Power to hurt you. This little Nosegay will defend you also against the Magician *Pride*, who in a thousand Shapes will try to introduce himself to you, and persuade you to go with him to a high Rock, from whence, he will either throw you down among frightful Precipices, into the Pool of *Disgrace*, or else change you into a Lion, or a Tyger, or a Bear, or
into

A FAIRY TALE. 85

into such a huge dropfical Figure, that every Body fhall hate to look upon you : and that you fhall not be able to pafs through the Gates, that lead to *Happinefs*. When you fufpect his coming, fhell to your Violets, and you will immediately fee through his Difguife, and at the fame Time, they fhall make you fo little, he fhall not fee you : and when you are in a Crowd, fhell to them again, and you fhall pafs through it without Difficulty. I wifh I had a better Gift to beftow ; but accept of my All.

Little George thanked her kindly, and ftuck the Nofegay in his Bofom.

On the Pedeftal of the next Figure, was infcribed *Natural Affection*. Her Countenance was sweet and engaging : her Garment embroidered with Storks, Doves, and various pretty Animals. She had Bracelets on her Arms, and fine Rings on every Finger : every one was the Gift of fome beloved Friend or Relation. My dear

86 A FAIRY TALE.

dear George, said she, I love you for the Sake of your Parents. I have a thousand pretty Gifts to bestow, and this particularly will be of Use to you. She then gave him a small enamelled Box, with Pictures on every Side. When, said she, you are in Doubt how to behave, look upon the Pictures. They are those of your Parents, Relations, and Friends: being gifted by a Fairy, you will see every Figure in Motion: and as your Papa and Mamma, your Brothers and Sisters seem affected by your Behaviour, you will judge whether you are acting right or wrong. I am sure it is your Desire always to give them Pleasure, and not Pain, to be an Honour to them, and not a Reproach.

The next Image that spoke was entirely made of Sugar, but a Sugar as firm, and almost as clear as Chrystal. Her Name was *Good Temper*. In her Bosom, she had a Nofegay of Roses without Thorns. She took our little Friend by the Hand, and seeing it scratched from a Scuffle, he had

A FAIRY TALE. 87

had with his Companions, she healed it with a Touch ; and gave him a small Amathyft Phial filled with Honey and Oil of a peculiar Kind. Touch your Lips with this Julep, faid ſhe, every Morning. Though the Phial is ſmall, it is inexhauftible, and you will never more be liable to Harm, from any idle Quarrel ; as you will never ſay any Thing peeviſh, or provoking, all your Companions will love you : and your Servants will think it a Bleſſing to live with you.

One Figure more remained, and the Fairy had no ſooner touched it, but down from her Pedeflal jumped ſprightly *Diligence*. She was dreſt like a Huntreſs. Activity and Nimbleneſs appeared in every Limb. She ſprung to George, clapped her Hands on his Shoulders, and immediately then appeared a Couple of little Wings. Theſe Wings, ſaid ſhe, will be of great Uſe to you in aſcending the ſteep Steps, you will have to go up, by and by. But all Wings need frequent pluming :
and

88 A FAIRY TALE.

and these will lose all their Virtue, if you do not keep them in Order every Day, by using the Talisman, I am going next to give you. This Talisman was a golden Spur. This, said she, whenever your Wings are drooping, (as they will very often, when the old Witch *Laziness* approaches, who would metamorphose you into a Dormouse) you must run gently into your Side, and they will be ready immediately, to carry you out of her Reach. I am sure, you have too much true Courage to fear a little trifling Pain, when it will be the Means of gaining you every Improvement. Good Night, good Night, my Love, I see you are sleepy, but as soon as you wake in the Morning, be sure to make use of your Spur.

The good old Fairy then led Henry and George into a little neat Room, where they went to Bed and slept till Day-break, dreaming of all the agreeable Things, they had seen and heard. George did not wake, till Henry was already up and drest: but he
waked.

A FAIRY TALE. 89

waked disturbed, and begun to tell his Friend his Dreams. I thought, said he, that looking out of the Window, I saw all my Companions at play, and flew out to them directly, to show them those fine Things, that the Statues had given me. Instead of admiring me, they fell upon me: one seized one fine Thing, and another, another; till poor I had nothing left but my Wings. What vexed me too, in the Scuffle my Violets were scattered, the Books torn, the Pictures spoilt, the Glass broke, and the Julep spilt. So that they were never the better, though I was so much the worse. Well, I took to my Wings however, and thought I might as easily fly in, as out, and then the good Fairy would give me more pretty Things. But no such Matter: The Windows were shut, the Doors were barred and bolted. Owls and Bats flew about my Head: Geese hissed at me, Asses brayed at me, Monkeys chattered in my Ears, and I fell down no Body knows whither.

Be

Be thankful, said Henry, that it was only a Dream; here are all your pretty Things safe: and so saying he gently touched his Side, like a true Friend, with the Spur, and up jumped little George all alive and merry. He read in his Books: He with Pleasure saw his own honest Face in the Glass of Truth: He observed with Delight, the Pictures of his Friends and Relations, all smiling upon him. While he was thus employed, in slept a sober-looking Man, leaning on a Staff. My young Friends, said he, I am sent to conduct you through the noble Apartments of this Castle. A fine Conductor indeed, said little George, who had unfortunately forgot both his Violets, and his Phial, your Crutch honest Man, will keep up rarely with my Wings. Your Wings Youngster, replied *Application* (for that was his Name) will be of little Service, unless I lend you a Staff to rest upon, which wherever you set it down, will make your Footing sure. This Speech was unheeded by little George, who already upon the Wing, fluttered away.

A FAIRY TALE. 91

away. Henry soon overtook him, having quite as good Pinions, though he did not boast of them, but stayed first, to bring with him, the Staff, the Phial, and the Nofegay, against his Friend should need them. Little George was now trying to mount up a steep Stair-case, which he saw Multitudes of his own Age ascending. Very eagerly he stretched his Wings, whose painted Plumage glittered in the Sun-Beams, and very often just reached the Top: but he was greatly surprized to find that he always slid back again, as if he had stood upon a Slope of Ice, so that hundreds and hundreds had got through the folding Doors above, while he was still but at the Bottom. He cried for Vexation: gave hard Names to the Boys, that got before him, and was laughed at by them in Return. The Box of Pictures gave him no Comfort, for there he saw his Father frowning, and his Mother looking unhappy. At this Minute, friendly Henry came to his Relief, and giving him the Violets, the Phial, and the Staff, make
Use

Use of these, said he, and you will easily get up with them, who are now before you. Observe, that they have, every one of them, just such a Staff, and that, notwithstanding their Wings, they can rise but one Step at a Time. George who had now touched his Lips with the Phial, thanked him very kindly, and they mounted several Steps, Hand in Hand. On some were inscribed, *Propria quæ Maribus*: on others *As in Præsenti*, and various other magic Verses, which, they just rested long enough on every Step to read, and as they ascended, the Steps grew easier and easier. George however was a little out of Breath, and more than once wished himself out of the Castle. Yet he was delighted to find himself almost overtaking the Foremost, who had, some of them, loitered by the Way.

And now he entered into an Apartment more magnificent than any, he had ever seen. Thousands of Rooms opened, one beyond another, furnished with all the Elegance of Taste. From every one of these

these were delightful Prospects : but then, for a long while, he had not Leisure to attend to the strange Varieties of rich and uncommon Furniture, exciting his Curiosity every Minute. One long Gallery was hung with Paintings, so exquisitely fine, that every Figure seemed alive : and some of them actually spoke and amused him with a thousand agreeable Stories. Here he saw all the Metamorphoses of the Hea-then Gods, the Adventures of Æneas, and a Number of other Things that I have not Time to describe. A young Damsel attended him drest in a Gown made of Feathers, more gay than the Rainbow. She had Wings upon her Head : she gave him the most delicious Sweet-meats, and he drank out of a sparkling Cup, the pleasantest Liquor imaginable. This light Dish did not quite satisfy a hungry Stomach : so that George was not very sorry when, past through the Gallery of *Fiction*, his fair Conductress *Poetry* consigned him over to the Care of a good hospitable old Man,

in

in the next Apartment, whose Table was always covered with wholesome and substantial Food. This Apartment, called the Saloon of *History*, was by no Means so gay as the former : but deserved Examination better. The Walls were covered with Marble, adorned with the finest Basso Relievos, Statues and Bustos, of every celebrated Hero and Legislator, struck the observing Eye with Veneration. The Master of the Feast was extremely good-natured, and communicative : and ready to answer every Question, that George's Curiosity prompted him to ask. He commended him for his Love of Truth, and toasted her Health, as his own Patroness. But, as the old Gentleman was, sometimes, a little prolix in his Stories, our young Traveller amused himself, every now and then, with looking over his Treasures. Surveying the Box of Pictures, he could not help wishing for a nearer Sight of the Friends they represented. A Window, that stood open just by him, and overlooked a delightful Play-

A FAIRY TALE. 93

Play-Field, reminded him of his Wings. But the Recollection of this frightful Dream, prevented him from attempting an Escape.

At this Minute, the Fairy *Instruction* appeared with a smiling Look. I know your Thoughts, my Dear, said she, and am willing to allow you every reasonable Indulgence. I have, in my Service, a Number of little winged Beings, whose Business it is to convey my young Friends, from Time to Time, to their beloved Homes. In order to your returning safely, accept this Key. You must be sure to rub it every Morning, that it may not grow rusty, else the Characters, that are engraved upon it, will disappear. If your Key is kept bright, you need only read the Inscription aloud, and, without Difficulty you will return to this very Apartment, and be intitled to an honourable Reception. But if the Key should grow rusty, beware of a disgraceful Fall. Let your Dream warn
you

96 A FAIRY TALE.

you to take Care of your precious Gifts, and to make a due Use of them.

She had scarcely done speaking, before there was a general Voice of Joy, heard through the whole Apartment, “ The “ Holidays are come, the Holidays are “ come:” and immediately a Number of little Cherubims appeared, in the Air, crowned with Garlands, and away with them flew little George: but unluckily in his Haste, left both the Staff, and the Spur behind him. Indeed at this Minute they were needless.

His Friends were all ready to receive him with affectionate Joy. They commended his Improvements, and listened, with Delight, to his Account of the surprising Things, he had seen: and rejoiced in the Marks of Favour he had received from excellent and powerful Fairies. He played about all Day with his Companions, and every Thing was thought of, that could

A FAIRY TALE. 97

could best divert him. In the Midst of these Amusements, the poor Key was in a few Days forgot : nor did he recollect it, till one Day he saw Henry sitting under a Tree, and very diligently brightening up his own. Stupid Boy, said giddy George, what do you sit moping there for? Come and play. So I will presently, said Henry : but I must not neglect the Means of returning honourably to the good Fairy. Hang the old Fairy, cried George : besides my Key will keep bright enough, I warrant it, without all this ado. However, looking at the Key, he found it brown with Rust : and sadly his Arm ached with the vain Endeavour of rubbing it bright ; for as he could not succeed in five Minutes, down he flung it in Despair.

What do you cry for, my pretty Master? said a Man, in a fine Coat, who was passing by. George told him his Distress. Be comforted, said the Man, I will give you a Gold Key set with Emeralds, that shall be better by half, and fitter for a

young Gentleman of your Rank, than that old Woman's rusty Iron.

Just then, George, who did not want Cleverness, began to suspect something: and smelling to his Violets, the fine Man appeared in his true Shape, which was, indeed, no other then that of the Magician *Pride*. He was immoderately tall and bloated: his Eyes were fierce and malignant: his Cheeks were painted, a Peacock sat upon his Head, a Bear and a Leopard followed him. In one Hand he held an empty Bladder, and in the other a fatal Wand. His under Vest was stained and ragged; but over it he had a pompous Herald's Coat, with a long Train supported by an ugly Dwarf, and a limping Idiot, whom he turned back continually to insult and abuse. Well was it for little George, that his Violets had rendered him invisible. He saw the Magician go on to one of his Companions, who being destitute of such a Defence, immediately became his Prey. Take this Nosegay, my Child,

A FAIRY TALE. 99

Child, said the wicked Wretch, and presented him with a Bunch of Nettles, finely gilded, but very stinging. The poor Boy had no sooner touched them than his Countenance exprest Pain : he quarrelled with every Body round him : yet the Simpleton kept continually smelling to his Nosegay, and the more he was nettled, the more quarrellsome he grew. His Size too increased in Proportion : he became swelled and bloated. He grew tall too all at once, but it was only by being raised on an enormous Pair of Stilts, on which he could not walk a Step, without danger of tumbling down.

George could not help laughing at his ridiculous Figure, but would, out of Good-nature, have offered him his own Bunch to smell to, if those unfortunate Stilts had not raised him quite out of his Reach. He therefore was making the best of his Way back, having first secured his Key, when a laughing giddy Hoyden called out to him, that she had found a Bird's Nest.

100 A FAIRY TALE.

Away with her he ran upon this new Pursuit : and from Bird's Nest to Bird's Nest, and from Butterfly to Butterfly they scampered over the flowery Fields, till Night drew on. She then persuaded him to go with her to her Mother's House, which was but just by, and rest himself.

He found there a Lady lolling in an easy Chair, who scarce raised her Head to bid him welcome. A Table however stood by her, ready spread with every Kind of Dainty, where *Idleness*, for so was his Play-Fellow called, invited him to sit down: and after Supper, he was conducted into a Chamber, set round with Shelves of Play-things, where, in a soft Down Bed, he slept till very late the next Day. At last, though unwillingly he got up: but for no better Purpose than to look over those worthless Toys, which he half despised all the while. What, thought he, is this Tinsel, and Glass and Wood to compare with the rich Treasures, of the old Fairy's Castle? Neither the old Woman here, nor the Sim-
pleton

A FAIRY TALE. 101

pleton her Daughter will answer me a Question, I ask, nor divert me with such Stories, as the very Pictures and Statues there were full of. Thus thinking, he continued nevertheless to divert himself with the Play-things, and was growing fast back into the Love of Rattles, and Bells, when a sudden Panic seized him on seeing in the Corners of every Shelf, Filligree Cages full of Dormice. Miserable Boy, that I am, cried he, this must certainly be the Den of *Laziness*! How shall I escape? He tried to stretch his Wings: but alas, they drooped, and now, for the first Time, he found, and lamented the want of his Spur. He ran to the Windows: every Prospect from thence was desolate and barren, resembling exactly what he had read in his Ruby-clasped Book, of the Field of the Sluggard.

In vain did he look for the Holidays to transport him, from this wretched Place. The last of them was already on the Wing, and almost out of sight: for it is peculiar

102 A FAIRY TALE.

to these little Beings to approach slowly, but to fly away with amazing Swiftneſs. However, he met with Aſſiſtance, where he leaſt expected it. A diſmal Cloud hung almoſt over his Head, which he feared, would every Minute burſt in Thunder, when out of it flew a black Eagle, who ſeized little George in her Talons, and in a Moment he found himſelf at the Gates of the Caſtle of Inſtruction.

Perhaps you may not think his Caſe now, much better than it was before. A little Dormouſe could have lain ſnug and warm, in Cotton: whereas poor George was forced to ſtand in the Cold, among Thorns and Briars, vainly endeavouring to read the Inſcription on his Key, which was now, alas, grown ruſtier than ever. In the mean Time he ſaw moſt of his Companions, his Friend Henry one of the foremoſt, fly over his Head, while their poliſhed Keys glittered like Diamonds: and all of them received into the Apartments, they came out of, with joyful Acclamations. The
Boy

A FAIRY TALE. 103

Boy upon Stilts, indeed, did not make so good a Figure. He reached up to the Window, but his false Key would not open it: and making a false Step down he tumbled into the dirty Pool.

At this Minute, the old Fairy looked out, and calling to George, why do not you, my Child, said she, make Use of your Wings and your Key? I am impatient to have you amongst us again, that you may receive finer Gifts, and see greater Wonders, than any you have met with yet.

Here a Woman came to him, clothed in Hare-skins, and shivering with an Ague. She touched him with a cold Finger, that chilled his Blood: and stammered out these terrifying Words, *D don't g go intt to the C castle P punishment is r ready for r y you, r run away.*

Scorn Punishment, and despise it, said Foolhardiness, a little pert Monkey in a Scarlet Coat, and mounted upon a Goose.

104 A FAIRY TALE.

Fear Disgrace, said *Shame*, and with a Rose Bush, which she carried, brushed the Monkey into the dirty Pool, where he lay screaming and chattering, while his Goose hissed at him.

Poor George knew not what to do. It once came into his Head to make a plausible Excuse, and say his Key was very bright, but the Lock was out of Order. But bethinking himself to apply to his Glass, he no sooner saw the Ass's Ears, than, in honest Distress, he called out, O *Truth, Truth*, come to my Assistance. I have been very idle, and I am very sorry. *Truth, Truth*, come to my Assistance.

He fainted away with Terror, as he spoke, but, when he recovered, found himself within the Castle, the bright Figure of *Truth* smiling upon him: and *Forgiveness*, another very amiable Form, distinguished by a Slate, and a Sponge, with which she wiped out all Faults, caressing him. Indeed she had need, for he felt himself

himself a little stiff, and sore, with some rough Methods, that had been used to bring him to himself. These two Nymphs consigned him to the Care of *Amendment*, who promised never to forsake him, till he got to the Top of the Castle: and, under her Guidance, he went on very cheerfully.

Indeed he was a little vexed at the first Steps he came to, on finding himself struck pretty hard by an angry looking Man: but when he found, that it was only in order to return him his Staff, and his Spur, he thanked him for his friendly Blow, and from that Time proceeded with double Alacrity. He soon overtook his Companions again, and you may imagine, how joyful was the Meeting, between him and Henry, who loved him too well, not to go on very melancholy, while George had staid behind. How I rejoiced, said he, to see you under the Conduct of the Lady *Amendment*: Now nothing can ever part us more.

The poetical Gallery, the Saloon of History, afforded them new Delight. In every Room, through which they past, were Tables covered with Gems, Medals, little Images, Seals, Intaglios, and all Kinds of Curiosities, of which, they were assured, that the more they took, the more welcome they should be.

But here George was a little perplexed again. His Pockets were filled over and over: still, as he came to new Treasures, he was forced to throw aside the old ones, to make Room: yet was told, that it would not be taken well, if he did not keep them all. At last he came fortunately into a Room of polished Steel, where, on a Throne of Jasper, sat a Lady, with a Crown upon her Head, of the brightest Jewels. Upon her Robe was woven, in the liveliest Colours and perfectly distinct, though in Miniature, every Thing, that the World contains. She had Steel Tablets in her Hand, on which she was always engraving something excellent: and on

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the

the rich Diadem, that encircled her Forehead, was embroidered the Word *Memory*.

You could not, said she to George, have applied to a properer Person than to me, to help you out of your present Difficulty. She then gave him a Cabinet, so small, and so light, that he could carry it without the least Inconvenience: and, at the same Time, so rich and elegant, that no Snuff-Box, set with Diamonds, was ever more ornamented. It had Millions of little Drawers, all classed and numbered: and in these, he found all the fine Things he had been so incumbered with, ranged in their proper Order.

The only Thing I insist on, said she, is that you will keep your Drawers exactly clean, and never litter them with Trash. If you stuff them, with what does not deserve a Place, they will no longer be capable of containing real Treasures: but the Bottom of the Cabinet will become

108 A FAIRY TALE.

directly like a Sieve : and if *Malice* or *Re-sentment* ever persuade you, to put in any Thing out of their Shops, you will soon find every Drawer infested with Snakes and Adders. But above all Things value the Gifts of *Truth*, *Gratitude*, and *Friendship*, which will fill them with constant Perfume, that shall make you agreeable to every Body.

Thus furnished, George proceeded joyfully, and ascended from one Apartment to another, till he became possesst of all the Treasures of the Castle. Sometimes *Imagination* led him into delightful Gardens, gay with perpetual Spring. Sometimes, from Entrances dug into the solid Rock, (on the Side of the Apartments opposite to the Windows) he wandered through the Mines of *Science*, and brought from thence, Riches that had not yet been discovered. The *Holidays* always found him cheerfully glad to go with them; but not impatient for their Approach, and equally glad to return, when they flew back. Whenever
he

he returned, he was received with Honour, and crowned with Wreaths of Bays and Laurel. He became a Favourite with the Virtues, and the Graces, and at last was led, by them to the Top of the Castle: where *Reputation*, and *Prudence* waited to receive him, and conduct him through a fair Plain, that was stretched out along the Top of the Mountain, and terminated by the glittering Temple of *Felicity*.

IMITA-

he returned, he was received with honours,
and crowned with Wreaths of Bay and
Laurel. He became a favourite with the
Virtues, and the Graces, and at last was
led, by them to the Top of the Castle,
where Reposement, and Pleasure waited to
receive him; and conducted him through a
fair Field, that was stretched out along the
foot of the Mountain, and terminated by
the glittering Temple of Venus.

They had not long been seated, when
a sudden noise was heard, which made
them start, and look towards the
noise. They saw a great number of
fairies, and other spirits, who were
dancing and playing on the
mountain. They were all dressed in
rich and beautiful garments, and
had a most delightful appearance.
The fairies and spirits were all
looking towards the temple, and
seemed to be waiting for some
one to come. The king and queen
were both very much surprised, and
did not know what to do. They
looked at each other, and then
at the fairies and spirits, and
were both very much
amused.

THE END

IMITATIONS

OF

O S S I A N.

IMITATIONS

OF

MISS N.

IMITATION I.

WHY dost Thou not visit my Hall,
 Daughter of the gentle Smile?
 Thou art in thy Hall of Joy: The Feast
 of Shells is spread: the Bards are assem-
 bled around. Sad I sit alone, and listen to
 the beating Rain. The Gale sounds hollow
 in the East, but no Music comes on the
 Blast, to my solitary Ear. The red Coals
 glow sullenly in my Grate, but they should
 blaze cheerfully for Thee. Why dost thou
 not visit my Hall, Daughter of the gentle
 Smile?

Thy Fame shall be heard in the Song;
 for the Bards assemble at thy Call. When
 I go to the narrow House, Silence shall
 rest

114 I M I T A T I O N I.

rest upon my Memory. For lonely I sit
all the Day, and listen to the dashing Rain.
The keen Wind whistles at my Gate, and
drives away the timid Guest. Dark Boats
pass by on the swift Stream, but no Pas-
senger lands at my Hall. Thou too, O
sweet Daughter of the Smile, didst sail by
over the blue Wave, when the Voice * of
Joy was in the Hall of Kings. But The-
rina past the Day silent and solitary. When
a thousand Oaks flamed beyond the Stream,
she saw the distant Blaze, like the red
Streaks of the setting Sun. She heard the
Murmur of the distant Shouts; and at last
through the dark Air, she saw the ap-
proaching Torch, that lighted back her
Friends, from the Feast of empty Shells.
She ran to meet them through the lonely
Hall; and the Wind lifted her Cloak.

Will no Voice reply to my Song? I too
have a Harp, which the Winds sweeps with
its Wings.

* The Coronation.

I M I T A -

IMITATION II.

THERINA AND CARTHONA.

THERINA.

DAUGHTER of the Song, why
is thy Look pensive? Why dost
thou regard me with an Eye of Compas-
sion?

CARTHONA.

Thy melancholy Strain pierced my
Heart. I view thee already as in the nar-
row House, where all is Silence and Dark-
ness. I look upon thee as a Diamond bu-
ried deep in the Rock, when it ought to
be flaming on an imperial Diadam.

THERINA.

116 I M I T A T I O N II.

T H E R I N A.

Partial is thine Eye, kind Daughter of Harmony, and idly fictitious was my plaintive Strain. My Expectations look beyond the narrow House, and the View terminates in Splendour. Yet I am not a Diamond, O Carthona, but a feeble Glow-worm of the Earth, whose sickly Lustre would go out in open Day, and is beheld to Advantage, only from being judiciously placed amidst Obscurity.

C A R T H O N A.

Lowly Daughter of Indolence, thou dost not well to acquiesce in the meanest; and most useless Form of Being, who mightest warble on a Bough with the Songstresses of the Grove, or shine on gay Wings, with the Flutterers of the Air.

T H E R I N A.

I was once a Butterfly, O Carthona, and my Existence was most despicable. The Glow-worm in its low Estate, is pleasing
to

IMITATION II. 117

to the Eye, that approaches it near : is useful sometimes, to direct the Steps of the benighted Traveller.

CARTHONA.

Daughter of Indolence ! Thy Discourse is idle and ingrateful.

THERINA.

Hear then, O Carthona ! the Reverse of my plaintive Strains, and may it sound sweet in thine Ears. Thou art pleased with the Tale of Malvina, who attended the blind Age of Ossian, emphatically blind ! Her Form rises elegant to thy Mind, and the Voice of her Praise sounds melodious to thy Fancy. Yet what is the Fame of Malvina ? And what was the Merit of Ossian ? The Threads of my Life, O Carthona, though homely, are woven amid others of inestimable Tincture. The Ties of indissoluble Friendship have mingled them among Threads of purest Gold, the richest Purple, and the brightest Silver.

Such

118 I M I T A T I O N II.

Such are the durable Textures, which
Heaven has framed in the Loom of civi-
lized Society : While the scattered Threads
of Fingal's Days are like Autumnal Cob-
webs, tost by Winds from Thorn to Thorn :
whence some few of peculiar Whiteness
are collected by the musing Bard, when
solitary he roams, amid the pathless Wild.

IMITA

IMITATION III.

TRUE Ossian, I delight in Songs !
 Harmony sooths my Soul. It sooths
 it O Ossian, but it raises it far above these
 grassy Clods, and rocky Hills. It exalts it
 above the vain Phantoms of Clouds, the
 wandering Meteors of the Night.

Listen in thy Turn, thou sad Son of
 Fingal, to the lonely Dweller of the Rock.
 Let thy Harp rest for a while, and thy
 Thoughts cease to retrace the War and
 Bloodshed, of the Days that are past.
 Sightless art Thou O Ossian, and sad is
 thy failing Age. Thine Ear is to the hol-
 low Blast, and thy Expectation is closed in
 the narrow House. Thy Memory is of
 the Deeds of thy Fathers, and thy Fathers
 where are they ? What O Ossian, are those
 Deeds

120 I M I T A T I O N III.

Deeds of other Times? They are Horror, and Blood, and Desolation.

Harp of Ossian be still. Why dost thou sound in the Blast, and wake my sleeping Fancy? Deep and long has been its Repose. Solid are the Walls that surround me. The idle Laugh enters not here: Why then should the idler Tear? Yet Ossian I would weep for Thee: I would weep for Thee, Malvina.—But my Days are as the Flight of an Arrow. Shall the Arrow turn aside from its Mark?

Bright was thy Genius, Ossian! But Darkness was in thy Heart: It shrank from the Light of Heaven. The lonely Dweller of the Rock, sang, in vain, to thy deafened Ear. The *Grecian* was not blind like Thee. On him the true Sun never dawned: yet he sung, though erroneous of all-ruling Providence, and faintly looked up to the Parent of Gods and Men. Thy vivid Fancy O Ossian, what beheld it but a cloudy Fingal? Vain in the Pride of Ancestry,

I M I T A T I O N III. 121

cestry, thou remainest by Choice an Orphan, in an Orphan World. Did never the Dweller of the Rock point out to thy friendless Age, a Kindred higher than the Heaven? A Brotherhood wide as the World? A Staff to thy failing Steps? A Light to thy sightless Soul? And didst thou reject them, Ossian? What then is Genius, but a Meteor Brightness? The Humble, the Mild, the Simple, the Uneloquent, with peaceful Steps followed their welcome Pastor, into fair Meads of everlasting Verdure.—While Thou sattest gloomy on the Storm-beaten Hill, and repeating to the angry Blast, the Boast of human Pride: the Tales of Devastation of War: the Deeds of other Times. Far other Times are these—Ah would they were! For still Destruction spreads: still human Pride rises with the Tygers of the Desert, and makes its horrid Boast!

ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORY

I have not thought of the
of which I have been told
in relation of some excellent ones
listed in the Gazette. I have not time

ALLEGORIES

know not why I may not return to
the like people in a private way
from the same source. I have not time
any other way. I have not time
to do so.

There is a great deal of
in the world. I have not time
to do so. I have not time
to do so. I have not time
to do so.

A L L E G O R Y I.

IF I was not quite sick of the Number of stupid Dreams, which have been writ in Imitation of those excellent ones published in the Spectators, Tatlers, and some later periodical Papers, I should be exceedingly tempted to fall into some allegorical Slumbers. After this Declaration, I know not why I may not actually do it; since I see People, in a hundred other Instances, seem to imagine that censuring any Thing violently, is amply sufficient to excuse their being guilty of it.

Suppose me then composed in my easy Chair, after having long meditated on that old and threadbare Comparison of human Life to a Play. To this, my Imagination furnishes Abundance of Scenery; and the

Train of my Thoughts go on just as well,
after my Eyes are closed, as it did before.

As I have yet but a very inconsiderable Part in the Performance, I have Leisure enough to stand between the Scenes, and to amuse myself with various Speculations. Fortunately for me, I am placed near a Person, who can give me sufficient Information of the whole Matter, since indeed this venerable Person is no other, than the originally intended Directress of the Theatre, *Wisdom* by Name: but being of a Temper above entering into all the little Disputes of the Actors, she has suffered her Place to be usurped by a Multitude of Pretenders, who mix the vilest of Farces, and the absurdest of Tragedies, with the noblest Drama in the World.

These destructive Interlopers were busily instructing all the Actors, as they appeared upon the Stage, and indeed one might easily see the Effects of their Teaching. Scarce one in fifty repeated a single Line
with

A L L E G O R Y I. 127

with a natural and unaffected Air. Every Feature was distorted by Grimace: Many a good Sentiment *outrée* by the Emphasis, with which it was pronounced.

Would it not put one quite out of Patience, said my Neighbour, to see that Fellow there, so entirely spoil one of the finest Passages in the Play, by turning it into a mere Rant? Is there any bearing that Man, who pretending to act the Lover, puts on all the Airs of a mad Man? Why Sir, do you think that graceful Figure, that Sense, and all those Advantages, you were drest with, in order to do Honour to my Company, were given you, only that you might walk about the Stage, fighting and exclaiming? Pray let me cast an Eye upon your Part.—Look ye, are here any of those Soliloquies that you are every Moment putting in?—Why, here is not a single Word of Misery, Death, Torment.—The Lover waking out of his Reverie, pointed to a Prompter that stood at a little

G 4

Distance,

Distance, when *Wisdom* perceived it to be busy *Imagination*. She only, with an Air of Compassion, drew the poor Youth to her Side of the Stage, and begged he would keep out of the Hearing of so bad a Director.

The next, we happened to attend to, was a young Woman, of a most amiable Figure, who stood pretty near us, but the Good-nature in her Countenance was mixed with a Kind of haughty Disdain, whenever she turned towards *Imagination*, that did not absolutely please me. I remarked upon it to my Friend, and we jointly observed her stealing Leisure from her Part, to look over the whole Scheme of the Drama. That Actress, says she, has a most charming Genius, but she too has a *Travers* in it. Because she has seen some Love Scenes, in the Play, ridiculously acted, and heard them censured by those, whose Judgment she respects, and especially because she is very justly displeased with

ALLEGORY I. 129

with all the bombast Stuff, *Imagination* puts into them, she will, against her Senses believe, there is scarce a single Line about it, in the whole Drama: and there you may see her striking out, for spurious, Passages that have warmed the noblest Hearts with generous Sentiments, and gained a just Applause from Socrates and Plato themselves: two of the finest Actors, I ever had. This is, however, an Error on the right Side. Happy for you, young Actresses, if you never fall into a worse. She may indeed miss of saying an agreeable Thing, but she never will say an absurd one.

Look yonder, and you will see more dangerous, and more ridiculous Mistakes. That Group of young Actors, just entering on the Stage, who cannot possibly have beheld more than half a Scene, pretend already, in a decisive Way, to give their Judgment of the whole. They do not so much as wait for their Cue, (which Years and

Discretion ought to give them) but thrust forward into the very Middle of the Action. Some of them, displeased with the Decorations of their Part of the Theatre, are busied in hurrying the Tinsel Ornaments, from the other Corners of it, where they were much more becomingly placed. That Man yonder, who ought to be acting the Part of a Hero, is so taken up with adjusting his Dress, and that of his Companions, that he never once seems to think of the Green-Room, where all these Robes must soon be laid aside.

Look yonder, look yonder ! This is a pitiable Sight indeed. Behold that Woman exquisitely handsome still, though much past the Bloom of Youth, and formed to shine in any Part, but so unhappily attached to that, she has just left, that her Head is absolutely turned behind her : so unwilling is she to lose Sight of her beloved Gaicties.

A L L E G O R Y I. 131

In another Place you may see Persons, who, sensible that the splendid Dresses of the Theatre are only lent them, for a Time, disdain, with a sullen ill-judged Pride, to put them on at all, and so disgrace the Parts, that were allotted them for their own Advantage.

Alas what a different Prompter has that Actor got! He was designed to represent a Character of Generosity, and, for that Purpose, furnished with a large Treasure of Counters, which it was his Business to dispose of in the most graceful Manner, to those Actors engaged in the same Scene with him. Instead of this, that old Fellow, *Interest*, who stands at his Elbow, has prompted him to put the whole Bag into his Pocket, as if the Counters themselves were of real Value: whereas the Moment he sets his Foot off the Stage, or is hurried down, through some of those Trap-Doors, that are every Moment opening round him, these Tinsel Pieces are no longer

132 A L L E G O R Y I.

longer current. To conceal, in some Measure, the Falseness of this Behaviour, he is forced to leave out a hundred fine Passages, intended to grace his Character, and to occasion unnumbered Chasms, and Inconsistencies, which not only make him hissed, but the very Scheme of the Drama murmured at. Yet still he persists : and see ! just now, when he ought to be gracefully treading the Stage with a superior Air ; he is stooping down to pick up some more Counters that happen to be fallen upon the dirty Floor, made dirty on Purpose for the Disgrace of those who chuse to grovel there.

You can scarce have an Idea, added my Instructress, how infinitely the Harmony of the whole Piece is interrupted, by the Misuse which these wrong-headed Actors make of its mere Decorations. The Part you have to act, Child, is a very small one. But remember, it is infinitely superior to every such Attachment. Fix your Attention

ALLEGORY I. 133

tion upon its Meaning ; not its Ornaments. Let your Manner be just, and unaffected ; your Air cheerful and disengaged. Never pretend to look beyond the present Page : and above all, trust the great Author of the Drama, with his own glorious Work : and never think to mend what is above your Understanding, by minute Criticisms, that are below it.

ALLE-

A L L E G O R Y II.

METHOUGHT as I was sitting at Work, a young Woman came into the Room, clothed in a loose green Garment. Her long Hair fell in Ringlets upon her Shoulders: Her Head was crowned with Roses and Myrtles. A prodigious Sweetness appeared in her Countenance, and notwithstanding the Irregularity of her Features, and a certain Wildness in her Eyes, she seemed to me the most agreeable Person I had ever beheld.

When she was entered, she presented me with a little green Branch, upon which was a small Sort of Nut enclosed in a hard black Shell, which she said was both wholesome and delicious, and bid me follow her,
and

and not be afraid, for she was going to make me happy.

I did as she commanded me, and immediately a Chariot descended, and took us up. It was made of the richest Materials, and drawn by four Milk-white Turtles. Whilst we were hurried with a rapid Motion, over vast Oceans, boundless Plains, and barren Desarts, she told me, that her Name was *Imagination*; that she was carrying me to Parnassus, where she herself lived.

I had scarce Time to thank her, before we arrived at the Top of a very high Mountain, covered with very thick Woods. Here we alighted: and my Guide taking me by the Hand, we past through several beautiful Groves of Myrtle, Bays, and Laurel, separated from one another by little green Alleys, enamelled with the finest Flowers. Nothing was to be heard but the rustling of Leaves, the humming of Bees, the warbling of Birds, and the pur-
ling

ling of Streams : and in short, this Spot seemed to be a Paradise.

After wandering some Time in this delightful Place, we came to a long Grass-Walk ; at the further End of which, in a Bower of Jessamins and Woodbines, strewed with Flowers, sat a Woman of a middle Age, but of a pleasing Countenance. Her Hair was finely braided : and she wore a Habit of changeable Silk.

When we approached her she was weaving Nets of the finest Silk, which she immediately threw down, and embraced me. I was surprized at so much Civility from a Stranger ; which she perceiving, bid me not wonder at the Kindness, she showed for me, at first Sight, since, besides my being in the Company of that Lady, (pointing to *Imagination*) which was Recommendation enough, my own Person would entitle me to the Favour of all, who saw me : but, added she, you have had a long Walk,

A L L E G O R Y II. 137

and want Rest ; come and sit down in my Bower.

Though this Offer would, at another Time have been very acceptable to me, yet so great was my Desire of seeing the Muses, that I begged to be excused, and to have Permission to pursue my Journey. Being informed by *Imagination* where we were going, she commended my laudable Curiosity, and said, she would accompany us. As we went along, she told me, her Name was *Good-Will*, and that she was a great Friend to the Muses, and to the Lady, who brought me hither, whom she had brought up from a Child ; and had saved her from being carried away by *Severity* and *Ill-Humour*, her inveterate Enemies.

When she had done speaking, we arrived at the happy Place, I had so much wished to see. It was a little circular Opening, at the upper End of which sat, on a Throne of the most fragrant Flowers, a young Man, in a Flame-coloured Garment, of a noble,

138 A L L E G O R Y II.

noble, but haughty Countenance. He was crowned with Laurel, and held a Harp in his Hand. Round him sat nine beautiful young Women, who all played upon musical Instruments. These, *Imagination* told me, were *Apollo* and the *Muses*. But above all the rest, there were three that I most admired, and who seemed fondest of me.

One of these was clothed in a loose, and careless Manner, she was reposed on a Bank of Flowers, and sung with a sweeter Voice than any of the others. The Garment of the second was put on with the greatest Care and Exactness, and richly embroidered with the gayest Colours, but it did not seem to fit her. But it was the third whom I most admired. She was crowned with Roses and a Variety of other Flowers. She played upon all the Instruments, and never staid five Minutes in a Place.

Just as I was going to sit down to a fine Repast, which they had prepared for me of the Fruits of the Mountain, we saw two
grave-

grave-looking Men advancing towards us. Immediately *Imagination* shrieked out, and *Good-Will* said she had great Reason, for those were *Severity* and *Ill-Humour*, who had like to have run away with her when but a Child, as she had told me before. You too, added she, may be in Danger, therefore come into the Midst of us.

I did so: and by this Time the two Men were come up. One of them was completely armed, and held a Mirror in his Hand. The other wore a long Robe, and held, in one Hand, a Mariner's Compass, and in the other, a Lanthorn. They soon pierced to the Center of our little Troop; and the first, with much ado, at length forced me from the only two, who still held out against them, and made me hearken to the other, who bid me not be afraid, and told me, though I might be prejudiced against him and his Companion, by those I had lately been with, yet they had a greater Desire of my Happiness, and would do more towards it. But said he, if
you

you have eat any of that Fruit, which you have in your Hand, of which the real Name is *Obstinacy*, all I can say, will be ineffectual.

I assured him, I had not tasted this fatal Fruit. He said he was very glad of it, and bid me throw it down and follow him, which I did, till by a shorter Way, we came to the Brow of the Mountain. When we were there, he told me, the only Way to deliver myself from the Danger I was then in, was to leap down into the Plain below. As the Mountain seemed very steep, and the Plain very barren, I could neither persuade myself to obey, nor had I Courage to disobey him.

I thus stood wavering for some Time, till the Man in Armour pushed me down, as Mentor did Telemachus. When I was recovered from the first Shock of my Fall, how great was my Surprise to find this Paradise of the World, this delightful Moun-

A L L E G O R Y II. 141

Mountain, was raised to that prodigious Height, by mere empty Clouds.

After they had given me some Time to wonder, He, who held the Lanthorn in his Hand told me, that the Place before me was the Mount of Folly. That *Imagination* was *Romance*, *Good-Will* was *Flattery*, *Apollo* was *Bombast*. That the two false Muses who tried most to keep me from coming with them, were *Self-Conceit* and *Idleness*: that the others were *Inconstancy*, *False-Taste*, *Ignorance* and *Affectation* her Daughter, *Entbusiasm* of Poetry, *Credulity* a great Promoter of their despotic Dominion, and *Fantasticalness*, who took as many Hearts as any of the rest.

I thanked him for this Information, and told him, that it would almost equal the Joy of my Deliverance, to know the Names of my Deliverers. He told me his own was *Good-Advice*, and his Companion's *Good-Sense* his Brother, and born at the same Time. He added, that if I liked
their

their Company, they would, after having shewn me the many thousand Wretches, whom my false Friends had betrayed, conduct me to the Abode of *Application* and *Perseverance*, the Parents of all the Virtues.

I told him that nothing could afford me a more sensible Pleasure. Then, said he, prepare yourself for a Scene of Horror : and immediately, with the Help of his Brother, he lifted up the Mountain, and discovered to my Sight a dark and hollow Vale, where under the Shade of Cypress and Yew, lay in the utmost Misery, Multitudes of unhappy Mortals, mostly young Women, run away with by *Romance*. When I had left this dreadful Spot, and the Mountain was closed upon them, just as I was going to be good and happy, some unfortunate Accident awaked me,

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE NEW YORK

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P. O. E. T. R. Y.

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THE NEW YORK

P O E T R Y.

A WAKE my Laura, break the filken
Chain,

Awake my Friend, to Hours unsoil'd by Pain:
Awake to peaceful Joys and Thought refin'd,
Youth's cheerful Morn, and Virtue's vigo-
rous Mind :

Wake to all Joys, fair Friendship can bestow,
All that from Health, and prosp'rous For-
tune flow.

Still dost Thou sleep ? awake imprudent
Fair;

Few Hours has Life, and few of those
can spare.

Forfake thy drowsy Couch, and sprightly
rise

While yet fresh Morning streaks the ruddy
Skies :

Vol. II.

H

While

While yet the Birds their early Mattins sing,
And all around is blooming as the Spring.
Ere sultry Phœbus with his scorching Ray
Has drank the Dew-drops from their Man-
sion gay,

Scorch'd ev'ry Flow'r, embrown'd each
drooping Green.

Pall'd the pure Air, and chas'd the pleasing
Scene.

Still dost Thou sleep? O rise imprudent
Fair,

Few Hours has Life, nor of those few
can spare.

But this perhaps, was but a Summer Song,
And Winter Nights are dark, and cold and
long :

Weak Reason that, for sleeping past the
Morn

Yet urg'd by Sloth, and by Indulgence born.
Oh rather haste to rise, my slumb'ring Friend,
While feeble Suns their scanty Influence lend;
While cheerful Day-light yet adorns the
Skies

Awake my Friend! my Laura haste to rise.
For

For soon the uncertain short-liv'd Day shall
fail,

And soon shall Night extend her sooty Veil:
Blank Nature fades, black Shades and
Phantoms drear

Haunt the sick Eye, and fill the Court of
Fear.

O therefore sleep no more, imprudent
Fair [cling Year,
Few Hours has Day, few Days the cir-
Few Years has Life, and few of these
can spare.

Think of the Task those Hours have yet
in view,

Reason to arm, and Passion to subdue ;
While Life's fair Calm, and flatt'ring Mo-
ments last

To fence your Mind against the stormy
Blast :

Early to hoard blest Wisdom's Peace-
fraught Store [Shore,
Ere yet your Bark forsakes the friendly
And the Winds whistle, and the Billows
roar.

Imperfect Beings! weakly arm'd to bear
Pleasure's soft Wiles, or Sorrow's open War;
Alternate Shocks from diff'rent Sides to
feel,

Now to subdue the Heart, and now to steel:
Yet fram'd with high Aspirings, strong
Desires,

How mad th' Attempt to quench celestial
Fires !

Still to Perfection tends the restless Mind
And Happiness its bright Reward assign'd.
And shall dull Sloth obscure the Heav'n-
beam'd Ray, [Day,

That guides our Passage to the Realms of
Cheers the faint Heart, and points the
dubious Way !

Not weakly arm'd, if ever on our Guard,
Nor to the worst unequal if prepar'd :
Not unsurmountable the Task, if lov'd,
Nor short the Time, if ev'ry Hour im-
prov'd.

O rouse thee then, nor shun the glorious
Strife

Extend, improve, enjoy thy Hours of
Life :

Affert

P O E T R Y. 149

Affert thy Reason, animate thy Heart,
And act thro' Life's short Scene the
useful Part :

Then sleep in Peace, by gentlest Mem'ry
crown'd,

Till Time's vast Year has fill'd its perfect
Round.

On Reading the Love Elegies, 1742.

HITHER your Wreaths, ye drooping
 Muses, bring
 The short-lived Rose, that blooms but
 to decay ;

Love's fragrant Myrtles, that in Paphos
 spring,

And deathless Poetry's immortal Bay.

And Oh thou gentlest Shade accept the
 Verse

Mean though it be, and artlessly sincere
 That pensive thus attends thy silent Hearse
 And steals, in secret Shades, the pious Tear.

What Heart, by Heav'n with gen'rous
 Softness blest,

But in thy Lines its native Language reads?
 Where hapless Love, in Classic Plainness
 drest,

Gracefully mourns, and elegantly bleeds.

In

In vain, alas, thy Fancy fondly gay
 Trac'd the fair Scenes of dear domestic
 Life,
 The sportive Loves forsook their wanton
 Play,
 To paint for Thee the Mistress, Friend
 and Wife.

One caught from Delia's Lips the win-
 ning Smile,

One from her Eyes his little Soul inspir'd:
 Then seiz'd thy Pen, and smooth'd thy
 flowing Style,

Then wept, and trembled, and with Sobs
 admir'd.

O luckless Lover! form'd for better
 Days,

For golden Years, and Ages long ago,
 For Thee Persephone impatient stays

For Thee the Willow and the Cypress
 grow.

Writ on New-Year's-Eve while the
Bells were ringing out the Old Year.

I.

A GAIN the smoothly circling Year,
Beneath fair Skies serene and clear,
Completes its gentle Round ;
Sweet Bells in tuneful Sounds express,
Gay Thanks for rural Happiness,
And Months with Plenty crown'd.

II.

While yet remains the courteous Guest,
O be my grateful Thoughts express
Unmix'd with Grief or Fear.
Farewel ye Seasons ! roll away
I wish not to prolong your Stay,
Tho' Age brings up the Rear.

Cheerful

III.

Cheerful I trust, for future Good,
 The Hand which all the past bestow'd,
 Nor heed Life's shifting Scene.
 Farewel kind Year, which still has blest
 My Days with Peace, my Nights with Rest,
 And leav'ft my Mind serene.

IV.

Not yet—but now impends the Stroke,
 The far resounding Midnight Clock
 Has summon'd Thee away,
 Go mingle with the countless past,
 Till Time himself has liv'd his last
 In soft Oblivion stay.

V.

But then with smiling Grace appear,
 Thou blameless, Grief-unfullied Year,
 O smile once more on me,
 And witness that thy golden Hours
 Have all been priz'd, as Summer Flow'rs
 By some industrious Bee.

I.

FAIR *Cheerfulness*, Nymph who all
 Nymphs dost excel,
 Ah tell me sweet *Cheerfulness*, where dost
 thou dwell?
 I would search the World round Thee, dear
 Charmer to find,
 And with thy rosy Chaplet my Forehead to
 bind.

II.

When, with Thee, shall I drink of the clear
 Crystal Spring,
 While Birds on the Branches rejoicingly
 sing?
 When, with Thee, on the Sun-shiny Hills
 shall I play,
 When all Nature around us, looks flow'ry
 and gay?

III.

Oh why have I lost Thee? What heedless
 Offence,
 Delightful Companion, has banish'd Thee
 hence?

This

This Heart, still thy own, has admitted no
Guest
By whom, Thou, dearest Charmer, should
be dispossess.

IV.

Thou ever wert known with *Religion* to
dwell,
And guild with thy Smiles her contempla-
tive Cell :
With *Innocence* Thou trippest light o'er the
Green,
While the blue Sky above shines all clear
and serene.

V.

With *Philosophy* oft thy gay Moments were
past,
When Socrates heighten'd the pleasing
Repast,
With *Industry* ever Thou lovest to go,
Tho' she carry the Milk-Pail, or follow
the Plough.

VI.

Far away from my Bosom I banish'd thy
Foes,
Nor admitted one Thought, that could hurt
thy Repose :
Unresting *Ambition*, wild *Passion's Excess* ;
Anxiety vain, and *romantic Distress*.

VII.

Indeed giddy *Mirth*, and her frolicksome
Crew
But little, if ever, thy Rosalind knew :
Yet my Solitude often by Thee has been
blest,
My Days Thou hast brighten'd, and sweet-
en'd my Rest.

VIII.

Why then art Thou gone ? Oh inconstant
as fair,
Art Thou only a Tenant of Summer's soft
Air ?

Full

Full well did I hope thy perpetual Ray,
Should gild with mild Lustre, Life's most
gloomy Day.

IX.

Sweet Songstresses dost Thou with sad Phi-
lomel fly,
To seek in new Climes a more temperate
Sky?

While the Red-Breast all Winter continues
to sing,
And gladdens its Snows with the Music of
Spring.

X.

Thou shouldst be, thro' Life, my Com-
panion and Guide,

Come Sickness, come Sorrow, whatever
beride :

Gift of Heav'n to shorten our wearisome
Way,

Thro' the Valley of Toil, to the Regi-
ons of Day.

But

XI.

But methinks, in my Heart still, (I hear
Thee reply)

I cherish one Guest, who constrains Thee
to fly ;

Grey *Memory* famous, like Nestor of old,
For honied Discourses, and Stories twice told.

XII.

Old *Memory* often will dwell on a Tale,
That makes the fresh Rose in thy Garland
grow pale :

Yet what can he tell, that may justly dis-
please

Thee, whose Cloud-piercing Eye, all Fu-
turity sees ?

XIII.

He speaks but what Gratitude dictates, and
Truth,

Recals the gay Moments of Friendship and
Youth :

He tells of past Pleasures securely our own,
And so much of our Journey how happily
gone.

XIV.

Thou knowest, fair Charmer of Lineage
 divine,
 That soon the clear Azure unclouded shall
 shine :
 That Life's transient Blessings the Earnest
 but give
 Of such as from Time shall no Limits
 receive.

XV.

Oh comè then, dear Source of Good-Hu-
 mour and Ease,
 Who teacheest at once to be pleased and to
 please ;
 And ever henceforth, with thy Rosalind
 dwell,
 Sweet *Cheerfulness*, Nymph, who all
 Nymphs dost excel.

S T A N Z A S.

S T A N Z A S.

I.

WELCOME the real State of Things
Ideal World adieu,
Where Clouds pil'd up by Fancy's Hand
Hang lou'ring o'er each View.

II.

Here the gay Sunshine of Content
Shall gild each humble Scene :
And Life steal on, with gentle Pace,
Beneath a Sky serene.

III.

Hesperian Trees amidst my Grove
I ask not to behold,
Since ev'n from Ovid's Song I know,
That Dragons guard the Gold.

Nor

IV.

Nor would I have the Phoenix build
 In my poor Elms his Nest,
 For where shall odorous Gums be found
 To treat the beauteous Guest ?

V.

Henceforth no Pleasure I desire
 In any wild Extreme,
 Such as should lull the captiv'd Mind
 In a bewitching Dream.

VI.

Friendship I ask, without Caprice
 When Faults are over seen :
 Errors on both Sides mix'd with Truth
 And kind Good-will between.

VII.

Health, that may best its Value prove
 By slight Returns of Pain :
 Amusements to enliven Life,
 Crosses to prove it vain.

Thus

VIII.

Thus would I pass my Hours away
Extracting Good from all :
Till Time shall from my sliding Feet
Push this uncertain Ball.

STANZA

S T A N Z A II.

Writ in the Country towards the End
of Autumn.

SPRING, gay Season is no more,
Summer's golden Reign is o'er,
Soon to close the varied Year,
Hoary Winter shall appear.

When the Northern Tempests blow,
When the Hills are hid in Snow,
Where shall drooping Fancy find
Scenes to soothe a rural Mind ?

When the busy World resort
To the gay, the festive Court,
Say, within the lonely Cell,
How shall sweet Contentment dwell ?

Shall

Shall not then the tedious Day
Sad and silent wear away ?
Shall not all the darksome Night
Fondly dream of vain Delight ?

Shining Scenes shall vex the Mind
To delusive Sleep resign'd,
Chas'd by chirping Birds away,
At the chilly Dawn of Day.

Then to turn the studious Page
Shall the Morning Hours engage :
When the Lamps at Ev'ning burn,
Still the studious Page to turn.

-Or intent with Hand and Eye

The laborious Loom to ply,
There a mimic Spring to raise,
Vain Pursuit of trifling Praise.

Hence will Fancy often stray
To the Circles of the Gay.

—Shall she not ?—then prithee bind
In thy Chains the veering Mind.

As it lifts the Wind may blow,
Fancy *shall* her Ruler know,

Idle

Idle Being, shadowy Queen
Empress of a fairy Scene.

Summer, Spring, and Autumn past,
Welcome Winter comes at last :
Winter comes, with sober Cheer,
Winding up the varied Year.

When the verdant Scenes are lost,
When the Hills are white with Frost,
Fancy's idle Reign is done,
Reason's Empire is begun.

Happy, gay Ones, may you be
All your Hours from Sorrow free,
To the Happy, to the Gay,
Unreprov'd my Thoughts shall stray.

Pleasant is it to behold,
Distant Mountains tipp'd with Gold,
Sunny Landscapes round us spread,
While our Path is in the Shade.

Welcome Morpheus, with thy Train,
Pleasing Phantoms of the Brain :
Welcome Sol's returning Ray,
Chirping Birds and dawning Day.

Welcome

Welcome then the sacred Lore,
Peaceful Wildom's endless Store;
Hours inestimably dear,
Welcome happiest of the Year!

Then the Pencil, then the Loom,
Welcome ev'ry mimic Bloom.
Health, and Industry, and Peace,
—Muse enough, thy Labour cease.

STANZA

S T A N Z A III.

O Form'd for boundless Bliss! Immortal Soul,

Why dost thou prompt the melancholy Sigh

While Evening Shades disclose the glowing Pole,

And Silver Moon-Beams tremble o'er the Sky.

These glowing Stars shall fade, this Moon shall fall,

This transitory Sky shall melt away,

Whilst Thou triumphantly surviving all

Shalt glad expatiate in eternal Day.

Sickens the Mind with Longings vainly great,

To trace mysterious Wisdom's secret Ways

While chain'd and bound, in this ignoble State

Humbly it breathes sincere, imperfect Praise? Or

Or glows the beating Heart with sacred Fires
And longs to mingle in the Worlds of
Love ?

Or, foolish Trembler, feeds its fond Desires
Of earthly Good ? or dreads Life's Ills
to prove ?

Back does it trace the Flight of former
Years,

The Friends lamented, and the Plea-
sures past ?

Or wing'd with Forecast vain, and impious
Fears,

Presumptuous to the Cloud-hid Future
haste ?

Hence, far be gone, ye Fancy fondled
Pains,

Peace, trembling Heart, be ev'ry Sigh
supprest :

Wisdom supreme, eternal Goodness reigns,
Thus far is sure : to Heav'n resign the
rest.

STANZA

P O E T R Y.

O D E.

W H A T art thou, Memory of former
Days,

That dost so subtly touch the feeling
Heart?

That know'st such pleasing Sadness to
impart?

That dost such thrilling dear Ideas raise?

Each wonted Path, each once familiar Place,

Each Object, that at first but common
seem'd,

Beheld again some Sacredness has gain'd,

With Fancy's Hues inexplicably stain'd,

And by Remembrance venerable deem'd.

V o l. II.

I

N o t

Nor idle Workings these of Fancy fond,
Some solemn Truth the Heav'n-sent Vi-
sions teach

Stretching our Thoughts these bounded
Scenes beyond,

And this their Voice, and this the Truth
they teach.

Time past to Man should be an awful
Theme,

No Magic can the Fugitive recall;
If idly lost in Pleasure's Noon-day Dream
Or vainly wasted, Passion's wretched
Thrall.

Know, thou profuse! that Portion was
thy All,

That narrow Pittance of some scanty
Years,

Was giv'n Thee O unthinking Fool, to
buy

The priceless Treasures of Eternity.

Hence fond Remembrance prompts un-
bidden Tears

And

P O E T R Y. 171

And something sadly solemn mingles still,
With ev'ry Thought of Time for ever
gone,

Distinct from past Events of Good or Ill,
Or View of Life's swift Changes hasten-
ing on.

The Sadness hence: But hence the Sweet-
ness too

For well-spent Time soft whispers to the
Mind

Hopes of a blest Eternity behind,
That ev'ry happy Moment shall renew.
Now pleasing Fancy lend thy endless Clue;
And thro' the Maze of Bliss our Path-
way guide

Where bloom unfading Joys on ev'ry
Side,

And each gay Winding offers to the View,
Here, boundless Prospects opening to the
Sight,

In full celestial Glory dazzling bright
Increasing still, and ever to increase:

There, the soft Scenes of Innocence and
Peace.

Thro' which, in early Youth, or riper Age,
A Hand all gracious leads the virtuous
Few,

That graceful tread on Life's important
Stage,

But fairer now and brighter ev'ry Hue:
For stormy Clouds too often intervene,
And throw dark Shadows o'er this mor-
tal Scene,

Blast the fair Buds of Hope, or snatch
from Sight

The dear Companions of our social Way,
Absorb'd at once in Death's impervious
Night.

Lost for a while—but when eternal Day
Shall gladsome dawn, at once its glorious
Ray,

Shows the fair Scene of Happiness com-
plete:

Then Friends, Companions, Lovers joy-
ful meet,

Thence never more to part: and fully
blown

The Buds of Hope their lasting Bloom
display.

Then

P O E T R Y. 173

'Then sweet Remembrance wakes without
Regret

And back each human Path they fondly
trace,

That led thro' steady Wisdom's peace-
ful Ways,

Thro' the still Vale of dear domestic Life ;
Or thro' the Toils of Virtue's arduous Strife,

To this blest Paradise, this beamy Crown,
This cloudless Day, whose Sun shall
never set.

F I N I S.